

MICHAELMAS TERME.

AS
IT HATH BEENE
SVNDRY TIMES ACTED
BY THE CHILDREN
of PAVLES.

Newly corrected.



LONDON:

Printed by T. H. for R. Meighen, and are to be sold
at his Shop, next to the Middle-Temple Gate, and in
S. Dunstons Church-yard in Fleet-street,
1630.

MICHAEL

1810

THE

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Inductio.

*Enter Michaelmas Terme in a whitish
Cloake, new come vpon out of the Countrey,
a Boy bringing his Gowne
after him.*

Micha:



Oye ?

Boye: Here sir !

(Gowne;

Mi: Lay by my conscience, giue mee my

That weede is for the country,

We must be ciuill now, and match our Euill,

Who first made Ciuill, blacke, he pleas'd the Deuill;

So; now know I where I am, me thinks already

I graspe best part of the Autumnian blessing

In my contentious fadome, my hand's free,

From wronger and from wronged I haue fee,

And what by sweat from the rough earth they draw,

Is to enrich this siluer harvest, *Law,*

And so through wealthy variance, and fat brawle,

The Barne is made but Steward to the Hall,

Come they vp thicke inough ?

Boye: Oh like hops and harlots sir ?

Mi: Why dost thou couple them ?

Boye: Oh very aptly, for as the hop well boiled will make
a man not stand vpon his legges : so the harlot in time will
leau a man no legs to stand vpon!

Mi: Such another and bee my heyre, I haue no Childe,

Michaelmas Terme.

Yet haue I wealth would redceme beggery,
 I thinke it be a curse both here and forraine,
 Where bags are fruitfull, there the wombs most barren,
 The poore ha's all our children, we their wealth;
 Shall I be prodigall when my life cooles,
 Make those my heyres whom I haue beggard; Fooles?
 It would be wondrous, rather beggar more,
 Thou shalt haue heyres enow, thou keep'st a whore,
 And here comes kindred too with no meane purses,
 Yet strue to be still blest with Clients curse.

Musicke
 playing.

*Enter the other 3. Termes, the first bringing in a
 fellow poore, which the other 2. aduanceth, gi-
 uing him rich Apparell, a page, and a pandar.*

Exit.

Mi. Whatsubtiltie haue we here! a fellow
 Shrugging for lifes kind benefits, shift and heate,
 Crept vp in 3. Termes, wrapt in silke and siluer,
 So well appointed too with Page and Pandar,
 It was a happy gale that blew him hither.

1. Thou father of the Termes haile to thee.
 2. May much contention still keepe with thee.
 3. Many new-fooles come vp and see thee.
 2. Let e'm pay deere enough that see thee,
 1. And like Asles vse such men,
- When their load's off, turne e'm to graze agen.
2. And may our wish haue full effect,
- Many a suite, and much neglect.
3. And as it hath beene often found,
- Let the Clients cups come round.
2. Helpe your poore kinsmen when you ha got e'm,
- You may drinke deepe, leaue vs the bottom,
3. Or when there is a lambe false in,
- Take you the lambe, leaue vs the skin.

Mi. Your dutie and regard hath mou'd vs,
 Neuer till now we thought you lou'd vs,

Take

Michaelmas Terme.

Take comfort from our words, and make no doubt;
You shall haue suites come sixtene times about.

All. we humbly thanke the patron of our hopes. *Exeunt.*

Mi. With what a vassaile—appetite they Gnawe
On our reuersions; and are proud,
Coldly to tast our meates, which eight returns
Serue in to vs as courtes;

One day our writs like wilde-fowle flye abroad,
And then returne o're Cities, Townes, and Hills,
With Clyents like dryed strawes betweene their bills;
And 'tis no few birds picke to build their Neests,
Nor no small money that keepes Drabs and Fealls!

But Gentlemen, to spread my selfe open vnto you, in cheaper Termes I salute you, for ours haue but sixpenny fees all the yeare long, yet wee dispatch you in two houres, without demur, your Suites hang not long here after Candles be lighted: Why we call this play by such a deere and chargeable Title, *Michaelmas Terme*? Know it consents happily to our purpose, tho perhaps faintlie to the interpretation of many; for he that expects any great quarrels in Law to be handled here, will be fondly deceiued, this onely presents those familiar accidents, which happened in Towne in the circumference of those sixe weekes, whereof *Michaelmas Terme* is. Lord. *Sas sapienti*, I hope there's no foolks i'th house!

Enter at one dore Master Rerrage, meeting

Master Salewood.

Salewood. What? Master Rerrage?

Rer. Master Salewood? Exceedingly well met in Towne, comes your Father vp this Terme?

Sal. Why he was here three dayes before the Exchequer gapte.

Rer. Fye, such an easlie Termer?

Sal. Hee's not to bee spoke withall, I dare not aske him
A 3 blessing,

Michaelmas Terme.

bleſſing, till the laſt of Nouember.

Rev. And how looks thy little venturing Coofen?

Sal. Faith like a Lute that has all the ſtrings broke, no body will meddle with her.

Rev. Fye, there are Doctours enow in Towne will ſtring her againe, and make her ſound as ſweete as ere ſhee did: is ſhe not married yet?

Sal. Sh'as no lucke, ſome may better ſteale a horſe than others looke on. I haue knowne a virgin of ſiue baſtards wedded, faith when all's done we muſt be ſaine to marrie her into the North I'me affrayd.

Rev. But will ſhe paſſe ſo thinke you?

Sal. Puh, any thing that is warme enough is good enough for them; ſo it come in the likenesse, tho the Deuill be in't, the'le venture the ſiring.

Rev. They're worthy ſpirits yfaith, heard you the Newes?

Sal. Not yet.

Rev. Miſtris *Difficult* is ſalne a widdow.

Sal. Say true, is Maſter *Difficult* the Lawyer dead?

Rev. Eaſilie dead ſir.

Sal. Pray when died he?

Rev. What a queſtion's that? when ſhould a Lawyer dye but in the vacation, hee has no leiſure to dye in the Terme-time, beſide the noyſe there would fetch him againe.

Sal. Knew you the nature of his diſeaſe?

Rev. Faith ſome ſay he dyed of an old griefe he had, that the vacation was ſourteene weekes long.

Sal. And very likely. I knew 'twould kill him at laſt, was troubled him a long time, hee was one of thoſe that would ſaine haue brought in the hereſie of a fiſt Terme, often crying with a loud voice, oh why ſhould wee looſe Bartholmew weeke?

Rev. He ſauours, ſtop your Noſe, no more of him.

Enter

Michaelmas Terme.

*Enter master Cockstone a Gentleman meeting master
Easpe of Essex.*

Cock. Yong master *Easpe*, let mee salute you sir, when came you?

Easpe. I haue but Inn'd my horse since, master *Cockstone*.

Cock. You seldome visit London master *Easpe*.
But now your Fathers dead tis your onely course,
Here's gallants of all sizes, of all lastts,
Here you may fit your foote, make choyse of those
Whom your affection may reioyce in:

Easpe. You haue easily possest me, I am free,
Let those liue bindes that know not libertie.

Cock. Master *Rerrage*?

Easpe. Good master *Salwood*, I am proud of your society.

Rer. What gentleman might that be?

Cock. One master *Easpe*, h'as good land in *Essex*,
a faire free-brested Gentleman, somewhat too open,
bad in man, worse in woman,
the Gentry fault at first, he is yet fresh
and wants the Citie powdring, but what newes?
I'll yet a matchtwixt master *Quomodo* the rich Drapers
daughter and your selfe?

Rer. Faith sir, I am vildly riuall!

Cock. Vildly? by whom.

Rer. One *Andrew Leibe* crept to a little warmth, and
now so proud that he forgets all stormes, one that nere wore
apparell, but like ditches 'twas cast before hee had it, now
shines bright in rich embroideries, him master *Quomodo* af-
fects, the daughter him, the mother onely mee, I rest most
doubtfull, my side bring weakest.

Cock. Yet the mothers side
being surer than the Fathers, it may prone,
"men pleade for money best, women for loue:

Rer.

Michaelmas Terme.

Rev. Slid master *Quomodo?*

Cock. How then? afraid of a woollen draper?

Rev. He warn'd mee his house, and I hate hee should see me abroad.

Quomodo with his two spirits, *Shortyard*
and *Falselight*.

Quo. Oh my 2. spirits *Shortyard* and *Falselight*, you that have so enrich me, I haue industrie for you both?

Sho. Then doe you please vs best sir.

Quo. Wealthy employment.

Sho. You make me itch sir.

Quo. You *Falselight* as I haue directed you.

Fals. I am nimble.

Quo. Goe, make my course commodities looke sleeke, with subtile art beguile the honest eye, be neere to my trap-window, cunning *Falselight*.

Fals. I neuer faile it yet.

Exit Fals.

Quo. I know thou didst not;

But now to thee my true and secret *Shortyard*,

Whom I dare trust ee'n with my wife,

Thou nere didst mistrie harme, but master, good,

There are too few of thy name Gentlemen,

And that we feele, but Citizens abundance,

I haue a taske for thee my pregnant spirit,

To exercise thy pointed wits vpon.

Sho. Giue it me, for I thirst.

Quo. Thine eare shall drinke it,

Know then I haue not spent this long Vacation

Onely for pleasures sake, giue me the man

Who out of recreation culls aduantage,

Dives into seasons, neuer walkes, but thinks,

Ne rides, but plots, my iourney was toward *Essex*.

Sho.

Michaelmas Terme.

Sho: Most true?

Quo: Where I haue scene what I desire.

Sho: A woman?

Quo: Puh, a woman, yet beneath her, that which shee often treads on, yet commands her: land, sayre neate Land.

Sho: What is the marke you shoot at?

Quo: Why the sayrest to cleaue the haire in twaine, I meane his Title, to murder his estate, stifle his right in some detested prison, there are means and waies enow to hooke in Gentry, besides our deadly enmity which thus stands; they'r busye 'bout our wiues, We 'bout their Lands.

Sho: Your reuenge is more glorious,
To be a cuckold is but for one life,
When land remaines to you, your heire, or wife!

Quo: Ah sirrah, doe we sting'em, this fresh gallant rode newly vp before me!

Sho: I beseech his name.

Quo: Yong master *Easse*.

Sho: *Easse*? It may fall right.

Quo: I haue enquir'd his haunt, stay, ha, I that, 'tis, thats he, thats he!

Sho: Happily!

Quo: Obserue, take surely note of him, hee's fresh and free, shift thy selfe speedily into the shape of gallant, trye, Ile swell thy purse with angels, keepe foote by foote with him, out-dare his expences, flatter, dice, and brothell to him, giue him a sweete taste of Sensuality, traine him to euery wastfull sin, that he may quickly neede health, but especially money, rauish him with a dame or two, bee his bawde for once, Ile bee thine for euer, drinke drunke with him, creepe into bed to him, kisse him and vndoe him, my sweete spirit.

Michaelmas Terme.

Sho. Let your care dwell in me, soone shall it shine,
What subtiltie is in man, that is not mine? (*Exit.*)

Quo. O my most cheerefull spirit, goe, dispatch,
Gentry is the chiefe fish we Tradesmen catch. (*Exit.*)

Easse. What's here?

Sale. Oh, they are bills for Chambers.

Eas. Against Saint *Andrewes*, at a Painters house, there's
a faire chamber ready furnisht to be let, the house
not onely endewed with a new fashion forepart, but
which is more conuenient for a Gentleman, with a
very prouident backe-dore.

Sal. Why here's vertue still, I like that thing that's neces-
sary, as well as pleasant.

Cock. What newes in yonder paper.

Rerra. Ha? seeke you for newes, there's for you!

Sale. Who's this? in the name of the blacke Angels, *Andro*
Gruill.

Rer. No, *Andro Lethe!*

Sale. Lethe?

Rer. Has forgot his fathers name, poore *Walter Gruill* that
begot him, fed him, and brought him vp.

Sale. Not hither.

Rer. No, 'twas from his thoughts hee brought him vp
below.

Sale. But do's he passe for *Lethe.*

Rer. Mongst strange-eyes,

that no more know him, then hee knowes him-
selfe, thats nothing now, for master *Andro Lethe*,
a gentleman of most receiued parts, forgetfulnesse,
Lust, Impudence, and Falshood, and one especi-
all Courtly quality, to wit, no wit at all, I am his
Riuall for *Quomodoes* daughter, but hee knowes it
not.

Sal. Has spied vs ore his paper.

Rer. Oh that's a warning to make our duties ready.

Cock. Salute him? hang him.

Rer.

Michaelmas Terme.

Rer. Pub, with his health a while, hee'le be laid shortly,
let him gorge Venison for a time, our doctors will bring him
to dry mutton, seeme respectiue to make his pride swell like
a Toade with dew.

Sal. Master *Lethe*!

Rer. Sweet master *Lethe*!

Lethe. Gentlemen your pardon, I remember you not.

Sal. Why we supt with you last night sir!

Lethe. Oh cry you mercy, 'tis so long agoe,

I had quite forgot you, I must be forgiuen,
Acquaintance, deere societie, suites and things
Doe so flow to me; that had I not the better memogie,
'Twould be a wonder I should know my selfe,
'Esteeme is made of such a dizzy mettall;
I haue recei'd of many gifts ore night,
Whom I haue forgot ere morning, meeting the men,
I wisht em to remember me agen,
They doe so: then if I forget agen,
I know what helpt before, that will helpe then,
This is my course, for memory I haue beene told
Twenty preserues, the best I finde is gold,
By truely! are you not Knights yet Gentlemen?

Sal. Not yet!

Lethe. No, that must beelooke into, 'tis your owne fault,
I haue some store of Venison, where shall we deuoure it
Gentlemen?

Sal. The horne were a fit place,

Lethe. For Venison, fit,
The horne hauing chac't it,
At the horne weele——Rime to that.——

Cock. Tast it. *Sal.* Wast it. *Rer.* Cast it.

Lethe. That's the true rime indeed, wee hunt our Venison
twice I tell you, first out a'th parke, next out a'th Bellie.

Cock. First dogs take paines to make it fit for men,
Then men take paines to make it fit for dogs.

Lethe. Right.

Cock. Why this kindnesse, a kind Gallant you,

Bz

And

Michaelmas Terme.

And lone to giue the dogs more than their due,
We shall attend you sir,

Lech: I pray doe so.

Sal: The horne.

Lech: Easily remembered that you know!

Exeunt.

But now vnto my present busines, the Daughter yeldes, and Quomodo consents, onely my mistris Quomodo, her mother without regard runs full against mee, and sticks hard! Is there no law for a woman that will run upon a man at her owne apperill? Why should not shee consent, knowing my state, my sudaine fortunes, I can command a cussard, and other bakemeats, death of surgeon, I could keepe house with nothing, what friends haue I? how well am I beloued, ee'n quite throughout the scullery: not consent? tis ee'n as I haue writ, Ile be hangd, and shee loue mee not herselfe, & would rather preserve me, as a priuate friend to her own pleasures, than any way aduance her daughter vpon me to beguile herselfe, then how haue I reliened her in that poyn, let me peruse this letter: Good mistris Quomodo, or rather as I hope ere the Terme end, mother Quomodo, since onely your consent keeps a loose off and binders the copulation of your daughter, what may I thinke, but that it is a meere affection in you, doating vpon some small inferiour vertue of mine, to draw me in vpon your selfe, if the case stand so, I haue comfort for you: for this you may well assure your selfe, that by the marriage of your daughter I haue the better meanes and opportunity to your selfe, and without the least suspition. This is moouing stuffe, and that workes best with a Citizens wife, but who shall I get to conuey this now: my Page I ha lent forth, my Pandar I haue imployd about the country, to looke out some third sister, or entice some discontented Gentlewoman from her husband, whom the laying out of my appetite shall maintaine, may Ile deale like an honorable Gentleman, Ile bee kinde to women, that which I gather i'th day, Ile put into their purses at night, you shall haue no cause to raile at mee, no faith, Ile keepe you in good fashion Ladies, no weaner men then knights shall ransom home your gownes, and recouer your smocks, Ile not dallye with you! —some poore widdow woman would come as a necessary bawd now: and see where fustie comes—my mother! curse of poverty!

Michaelmas Terme.

poverty, do's shee come up to shame me, to betray my birth, and cast
 soyle upon my new Suite, let her passe me, Ile take no notice of her,
Scurvy — murrey — Carsey!

Moth: By your leaue and like your worship.

Leib: Then I must proudly venture it, to mee good wo-

Moth: I beseech one word with your worship. (man.)

Leib: Preth be breife then.

Moth: Pray can your worship tell me any tydings of one
Andro Gruill, a poore sonne of mine owne.

Leib: I know a gallant Gentleman of the name, one
 master *Andro Gruill* and well receiude amongst Ladyes.

Moth: Thats not he then!

Hee is no Gentleman that I meane.

Leib: Good woman if he be a *Gruill*, hee's a Gentleman
 i'th mornings: thats a Gentleman a'th first, you canottel me

Moth: No truely, his father was an honest vpright Tooth-

Leib: O my teeth.

(drawer.)

Moth: An't please your worship, I haue made a fore iour-
 ney out, all this vacant time, to come vp and see my sonne
Andro, poore *Walter Gruill* his Father has layd his life, and
 left mee a lone woman, I haue not one husband in all the
 world, therefore my comming vp is for reliefe an't like your
 worship, hoping that my sonne *Andro* is in some place about
 the Kitchin.

Leib: Kitchin, puh, fah.

Moth: Or a seruing man to some Knight of worship.

Leib: Oh let mee not indure her! Know you not mee
 good woman?

Moth: Alasse, an't please your worship, I neuer sawe such
 a glorious suite since the hower I was kersend.

Leib: Good, shee knowes me not, my glory do's disquire
 Beside my poorer name being drencht in *Leib*, (mee,
 Sheele hardly vnderstand me: what a fresh ayre can deo!

I may employ her as a priuate drudge,

To passe my letters and secure my lult,

And nere be noted mine, to shame by blood,

Michaelmas Terme.

And drop my stayning birth vpon my raiment, faith good woman you will hardly get to the speech of master *Andro*, I tell you. *Mo.* No?

Marry hang him, and like your Worship, I haue known the day when no body car'd to speake with him!

Leth. You must take heed how you speake ill of him I can tell you now, hee's so employde.

Mo. Employde for what?

Leth. For his behauiour, wisdom, and other vertues.

Mo. He vertues? no tis well knowne, his father was too poore a man to bring him vp to any vertues, hee can scarce write and reade.

Leth. Hee's the better regarded for that amongst Courtiers, for thats but a needy quality!

Mo. If it be so, then hee'll be great shortly, for he has no good parts about him.

Leth. Well good woman, or mother, or what you will.

Mo. Alack the day, I know your worship scorne to call me mother: tis not a thing fit for your worship indeede, such a simple old woman as I am.

Leth. In pitty of thy long iourney, theres six-pence British, send vpon me, I haue businesse for you.

Mo. I'll waite vpon your Worship.

Leth. Two pole off at least.

Mo. I am a cleane old woman an't like your Worship.

Leth. It goes not by cleanness here good woman, if you were fouler, so you were brauer, you might come neerer.

Mo. Nay and that be the fashion, I hope I shall *Exit.* get it shortly, theres no woman so old but she may learne, and as an old Lady delights in a young Page or monckey, so there are young Courtiers will be hungry vpon an old woman, I warrant you.

Exit.

Enter Bethes Pandar with a Country wench.

Pand. Come, leaue your puling and sighing. *(father.*

Count. Beshrew you now, why did you entice me from my

Pand. Why? so thy better aduancement, wouldst thou a pretty
beautiful

Michaelmas Terme.

beautifull — In y^e squall line in a poore thumbed house i^th cooke.
try in such sermils — habiliments, and may well passe for a Gentle-
woman i^th Citie; do's not 5. hundred doe so thinkst thou, and with
worse faces, oh, now in these latter dayes, the Devil raigning 'tis
an age for clouen creatures? but why sad now? yet indeed 'tis the
fashion of any Curtizan to be sea-sicke i^th first Voyage, but at
next shee proclaimes open wars, like a beaten souldier: why Nor-
thampton shire Lasse do'st dreame of virginity now? remember a
loose bodied Gowne wench, and let it goe; wires and tyres, bents and
bums, fells and falls, thou that shalt deceine the world that Gentle-
women indeed shall not be knowne from others; I haue a master
to whom I must prefer thee after the aforesaid decking. Let the
by name, a man of one most admired property, he can both lene thee
and for thy better aduancement be thy Pandar himselfe, an ex^llent
sparks of humilitie.

Count. Well heauen forgieue you, you traine me vp too't.

Pand. Why I doe acknowledge it, and I thinke I doe you
a pleasure in't.

Count. And if I should proue a harlot now, I should bee
bound to curse you. (ynough.

Pand. Bound? nay and you prone a harlot, youle be loose

Count. If I had not a desire to goe like a gentlewoman, you
should be hangd ere you should get me too't I warrant you.

Pand. Nay thats certain, nor a 1000. more of you, I know,
you are all chaste ynough, till one thing or other tempt you!
deny a Sattin gowne and you dare now?

Count. You know I haue no power to doo't, and that
makes you so wilfull: for what woman is there such a beast
that will deny any thing that is good?

Pand. True they will not, most dissembler.

Count. No, and shee beare a braue minde shee will not I
warrant you.

Pand. Why, therefore take heart, faint not at all,
Women nere rise, but when they fall,
Let a man breake, hee's gone, blowne vp,
A womans breaking sets her vp,
Virginittie is no Citie — Trade,
You're out a'th Freedome, when you're a mayde,

Downe

Michaelmas Terme.

Downe with the lattis tis but thin,
Let courser beauties worke within:
Whom the light mocks, thou art faire fresh,
The guilded flies, will light vpon thy flesh.

Count: Beshrew your sweet enchantments, you haue won.

Pan: How easily soft women are vndone:

So farewell hole some weeds where treasure pants,
And welcome silkes, where lyes disease and wants:
Come wench, now flow thy Fortunes into blesse thee,
Ile bring thee where thou shalt be taught to dresse thee!

Count: Oh as soone as may be, I am in a swoone till I be a gentlewoman, and you know what flesh is mans meate, till it be drest.

Pan: Most certaine, no more a woman.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

*Enter Rerrage, Salewood, Lethe, Easpe, with Shortyard
alias Blaisfield, at dice.*

Rer: Gentlemen I ha sworne Ile change the roome: dice?

Let: You see I'me patient gentlemen. (*Deuils.*)

Sale: I, the feinds in't, you're patient, you put vp all.

Rer: Come set me gentlemen!

Sho: An *Essex* gentleman sir? *Eas*: An vnfortunate one sir.

Sho: I'me bold to salute you sir! you know not master *Al*.

Eas: Oh entirely well.

(*sup* there.)

Sho: Indeed sir. *Eas*: Hees second to my bosome.

Sho: Ile giue you that comfort then sir, you must not want money as long as you are in towne sir.

Eas: No sir?

Sho: I am bound in my loue to him to see you furnisht, and in that comfort I recover my salute agen sir.

Eas: Then I desire to be more deere vnto you.

Sho: I rather study to be deare vnto you—boy, fill some wine.—I knew not what faire impressier I receiued, at first, but I began to affect your societie very speedily.

Eas: I count my selfe the happier.

Sho: To master *Al* sup sir, to whose remembrance, I could loue to drinke till I were past remembrance.

Eas:

Michaelmas Tearme.

Eas. I shall keepe Christmasse with him sir, where your health shal likewise vndoubtedly be remembred, and thereupon I pledge you: — I would sue for your name sir,

Sho. Your suite shall end in one Tearme sir: my name is Blafield.

Eas. Kind master Blafield, your deerer acquaintance.

Rev. Nay come, will ye draw in Gentlemen? set me:

Eas. Faith I'me scatterd.

Sho. Sir, you shall not giue out so meanelly of your selfe in my companie for Milhion: make Such priue to your disgrace! you'r a Gentleman of faire fortunes, keepe me your reputation; set'em all, there's crownes for you.

Eas. Sir you binde me infinitely in these courtesies.

Sho. You must alwayes haue a care of your Reputation here in Town master Easie, altho you ride downe with nothing, it skills not.

Eas. I'me glad you tell me that yet, then I'me indifferent, well, come: who throwes? I set all these.

Sho. Why, well said.

Sal. This same master Lethe here begins to vndo vs agen.

Letb. Ah sir, I came not hither but to win.

Sho. And then you'te leaue vs, that's your fashion.

Letb. Hee's base that visits not his friends:

Sho. But hee's more base that carries out his winnings.
None will doe so but those haue base beginnings.

Letb. It is a thing in vse and euer was,
I passe this time.

Sho. I wonder you should passe.
And that you're sufferd.

Letb. Tut, the Dice are ours,
Then wonder not at those that haue most powre.

Rev. The Diuell and his Angels.

Letb. Are these they?

Welcome deere Angels, where y are curst nere stay:

Sal. Heere's lucke.

Eas. Let's search him Gentlemen, I think he wears a smock.

Sho. I knew the time, he wore not halfe a shirt, just like a

Eas. No, how did he for the Rest

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Sbo. Faith he compounded with a couple of Napkins at Barner, and so truss'd vp the lower parts;

Eas. T was a prettie shift yfaith.

Sbo. But master Lethe ha's forgot that too.

Eas. A mischief on't to loose all : I could——

Sbo. Nay but good Ma. Easie, do not do your self that tirannie I beseech you, I must not ha you alter your body now for the Purge of a little money : you vndoe me and you doe.

Eas. T was all I brought vp with me, I protest master Blafield, all my rent till next quarter.

Sbo. Pox of money, talke not on't I beseech you what said I to you? Masse I am out of cash my selfe too, —— -Boy.

Boy. A non sir.

Sbo. Run presently to master Gum the Mercer, and wil him to tell out two or three hundred pound for mee, or more according as he is furnisht : Ile visit him ith morning say.

Boy. It shall be said sir.

Sbo. Doe you heare boy?

Boy. Yes sir.

Sbo. If master Gum be not sufficiently readie, call vpon master Profit the Goldsmith.

Boy. It shall be done sir.

Sbo. Boy.

Boy. I know I was not sent yet : now is the time.

Sbo. Let them both rest till another occasion : you shall not need to run so farre at this time, take one nier hand, go to Ma. Quomodo the Draper, and will him to furnish me instantly.

Boy. Now I goe sir.

Eas. It seemes y'are wel knowne master Blafield, & your credit verie spacious here ith Citle.

Sbo. Master Easie, let a man beare himselfe portly, the whorsons will creepe to him a'th their bellies, and their wiues a'th their backs : thers a kinde of bolde grace expected throughout all the parts of a Gentleman : then for your obseruances, a man must not so much as spit but within line and fashion, I tell you what I ha done : sometimes I carry my water all London ouer, onely to deliuer it proudly at the Standard, and do I passe altogether vnnoted thinke you? No, a man can no sooner peep out his head, but ther's a bow bent at him out of some

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some watch tower, or other.

Eas. So readily sir.

Sbo. Push, you know a bow's quickly ready, tho a Gun be long a charging, and will shoote five times to his once,— Come, you shall beare your selfe Iouially: take heede of setting your lookes to your losses, but rather smile vpon your ill lucke, and inuite 'em to morrow to another breakefast of Bones.

Esa. Nay ile forswear dicing.

Sbo. What? peace, I am ashamed to heare you: will you cease in the first losse? shew me one Gentleman that ere did it: Fie vpon't I must vse you to companie I perceiue, youde be spoild else: forswear Dice? I would your friends heard you yfaith.

Eas. Nay I was bot in iest sir.

Sbo. I hope so, what would Gentlemen say of you? there goes a Gull that keepe his money, I would not haue such a report goe on you, for the World, as long as you are in my companie. Why man, fortune alters in a Minute, I ha known those haue recouered so much in an houre, their purses were neuer sicke after.

Rev. Oh worse then consumption of the Luer! consumption of the patrimonie.

Sbo. How now? marke their humours master Easie.

Rev. Forgiue me, my posteritie, yet vngotten.

Sbo. Thats a penitent Maudlen Dicer.

Rev. Few know the sweets that the plaine life allowes, Vilde sonne that sursets of his fathers browes.

Sbo. Laugh at him master Easie.

Eas. Ha, ha ha.

Sal. Ile be damn'd and these bee not the bones of some queane that couzened me in her life, and now consumes me after her death.

Sbo. Thats the true wicked-blasphemous, and soul-shuddering Dicer, that will curse you all seruice time, and attribute his ill lucke alwayes to one Drab or other.

Leib. Dick Hell-gill: the happy Newes.

Hel. I haue her for you sir.

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Leth. Peace, what is she?

Helg. Young, beautilfull and plump--a delicate peece of sin.

Leth. Of what parentage?

Helg. Oh a Gentlewoman of a good house.

Leth. Fie, fie.

Helg. Shee newly came out of a Barne; yet too good for a
Tooth-drawers sonne.

Leth. Is she wife or maide?

Helg. That which is daintiest, Maide

Leth. Ide rather shee'd beene a wife.

Helg. A wife sir, why?

Leth. Oh Adulterie is a great deale sweeter in my minde.

Helg. Diseases gnaw thy bones.

I thinke she has deserud to be a wife sir.

Leth. That will moue well:

Helg. Her firstlings shall be mine.

Swine looke but for the huskes, the meate be thine.

Sbo. How now Boy?

Boy. Master *Quemodo* takes your worships greeting exceeding kindly, and in his commendations returns this answer, that your worship shall not be so apt to receiue it, as hee willing to lend it.

Sbo. Why, we thanke him yfaith.

Eaf. Troth, and you ha reason to thanke him sir, 't'was a verie friendly answer.

Sbo. Pish, a Gentleman that keeps his dayes euen here in this City (as I my selfe watch to doe) shall haue many of those answers in a tweluemonth, master Eafie.

Eaf. I promise you sir I admire your carriage, and begin to hold a more reuerend respect of you.

Sbo. Not so I beseech you; I giue my friends leaue to bee inward with me, --- will you walke Gentlemen?

Leth. Weere for you.

Present her with this Iewell, my first token.

Enter Drawers

Draw. There are certaine Country-men without enquiring for master Rerage, and master Salewood:

Rer. Tenants

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Rev. Tennants!

Salew. Thou reuiu'st vs Rascall.

Rev. When's our next meeting Gentlemen?

Shor. To morrow night,

This Gentleman, by me invites you all,

Doe you not Master Easie?

Easie. Freely sir.

Salew. We doe embrace your loue——a pure fresh Gull.

Shor. Thus make you men at parting ductifull,

And rest beholding to you, tis the slight

To be remembred, when you'r out of sight.

Easie. A prettie vertue.

Exeunt.

Enter the Countie-Wenches Father, that was entic'd for

Leith:

Father. Where shall I seeke her now?—oh if she knew

The Dangers that attend on womens liues,

She would rather lodge vnder a poore thatcht Roofe

Then vnder carued feelings: she was my ioy,

And all content that I receiu'd from life,

My deere and onely Daughter:

What sales the Note she left, let me agen

With stayeder greefe peruse it—Father wonder not at my

so suddaine departure, without your leaue or knowledge,

thus vnder pardon I excuse it, had you had knowledge of

it, I know you would haue sought to restraine it, and hinder

me from what I haue long desirde, being now happily pre-

ferr'd to a Gentlemans seruice in London, about Holborne,

if you please to send, you may heare well of me—

As false as she is disobedient,

I've made larger inquirie, left no place

(Where Gentrie keepe) vnfound, yet cannot heare,

Which drines me most into a shamefull feare:

Woe worth th'infected cause that makes me visit

This man-devouring Cicle—where I spent

My vnshapen youth, to be my ages curse,

And surfetted away my name and state,

In swinish Rion, that now being sober,

I doe awake, a Begger,—I may hate her.

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Whose youth voides wine, his age is curst with water,
Oh heauens ! I know the price of ill, too well,
What the confusions are in whom they dwell,
And how soone Maides are to their Ruins won
One minute, and eternally vndone :
So in mine may it: may it not be thus! —
Though she be poore, her honour's precious,
May be my present forme, and her fond seare,
May chace her from me, if her eye should get me,
And therefore as my loue and wants aduise,
Ile serue vntill I finde her in disguise.
Such is my care to fright her from base euils,
I leaue calme state to liue amongst you, deuils. *Exit,*

Isabels Mother enters with Quomodoes wife with the Letter.

Toma. Were these fit wordes thinke you to be sent to any
Citizens wife, to enioy the Daughter, and loue the mother
too for a neede? I would fouly scorne that man, that should
loue me onely for a neede I tell you: and heere the Knaue
writes agen, that by the marriage of my Daughter, a has the
better meanes and opportunitie to my selfe, hee lies in his
Throate like a villaine, he has no opportunitie of me, for all
that, tis for his betters to haue opportunitie of me, and that
he shall well know — a base proud knaue — a has forgot
how he came vp, and brought two of his countrie men to giue
their words to my husband for a sute of greene Karsey, a has
forgot all this. and how does hee appeare to me, when his
white Sattin sutes on, but like a Magot crept out of a Nut-
shell, a faire bodie and a foule necke, those partes that are
couered of him, lookes indifferent well, because we cannot
see e'm, else for all his clesing, pruning and paring, hee's not
worthy a Brokers Daughter, and so tell him.

Grn. I will indeede forsooth.

Toma. And as for my Child, I hope shee be ruld in
Time, though she be foolish yet & not be carryed away with
a cast of Manchets, a Bottle of wine, or a Custard, and so
I pray certifie him. *Grn.* He doe your errant effectually.

Toma. Art thou his Ant — or his —

Grn. Alasse — I am a poore drudge of his.

Toma. Faith

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Toma. Faith and thou wert his Mother, hee would make thee his drudge I warrant him.

Gri. Marrie out vpon him, sir reuerence of y our mistress.

Tom. Heer's somewhat for thy paines, fare thee well, ship

Gri. Tis more then he gaue me since I came to him.

Enter Quomodo and his Daughter Su.

Quo. How now, what prating haue we heare & whispers, dumshoves? why Tomazin, goe too—my shop is not altogether so darke as some of my neighbours, where a man may be made Cuckold at one ende, while hee's measuring with his yard at tother.

Toma. Onely commendations sent from Master Lethe your worshipfull Sonne in law that should be.

Quo. Oh, and that you like not, he that can make vs rich in custom, strong in friends, happy in suites, bring vs into all the romes a lundaies, from the leads to the feller, pop vs in with Venison till we cracke agen, & send home the rest in an honorable Napkin—this man you like not forsooth? (king

Su. But I like him father. *Qu.* My blessing go with thy li-

Su. A number of our Citizens hold our credit by't to come home drunk, and say we ha beene at Court: then how much more credit it to be drunke there indeede?

Quom. Tut, thy Mothers a foole—pray whats Master Rage whom you pleade for so?

Toma. Why, first he is a Gentleman.

Quo. I, hee's often first a Gentleman that's last a begger.

Su. My father tels you true, what should I do with a gentle man, I know not which way to lye with him, (clemen dayly.

Quo. Tis true too—thou knowst beside, we vndoe Gen-

Toma. That makes so few of e'm marrie with our Daughters, vnles it be one green foole or other: next, *M. Rage* has land & lining, tother but his walke i'th street, and his smatching dyet, hee's able to entertaine you in a faire house of his owne, tother in some nooke or corner, or place vs behind the cloath like a company of Puppets: at his house you shall be seru'd curiously, sit downe & eate your meate with leisure, there we must be glad to take it standing, and without either salt, cloath or trencher, and say we are befriended too.

Quo. Oh

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Quo. Oh, that gives a Citizen a better appetite then his Garden.

Su. So say I Father, me thinkes it does me most good whe I take it standing, I know not how all womens minds are:

Enter Falstuf.

Quo. Faith I thinke they are all of thy minde for that thing how now Falstuf?

Falst. I haue descri'd my fellow Short-yard, alias Blafstfield, at hand with the Gentleman.

Quo. Oh my sweet Short-yard!— Daughter, get you vp to your Virginalls: by your leaue Mistris Quomodo.

Toma. Why I hope I may sit ith shop, may I not?

Quom. That you may, and welcome sweete hony-thye, but not at this season, there's a Buck to be strucke.

Toma. Well, since i'me so expressly forbidden, ile watch a boue ith gallerie, but ile see your knauerie. *Exit,*

Quom. Be you prepared as I tell you.

Falst. You neare feard me: *Exit.*

Quom. Oh that sweete, neate, comely, proper, delicate parcell of land, like a fine Gentlewoman ith waste: not so great as prettie, prettie: the Trees in Summer whistling, the siluer waters by the Bankes harmoniously gliding, I should haue beerie a Scholler, an excellent place for a student: sit for my Sonne that lately commenc'd at Cambridge, whom now I haue plac'd at Innes of Court: Thus wee that sildome get Lands honestly, must leaue our heires to inherit our knaue-rie: but whist, one turne about my shoppe and meete with em.

Enter Master Easse, with Short-yard, alias Blafstfield.

Eas. Is this it sir?

Shor. I, let me see, this is it: signe of three Knaues, is it?

Quom. Doe you heare sir, what lacke you Gentlemen? see good Kersies or broad-cloathes heere, I pray come neere — Master Blafstfield?

Shor. I thought you would know me anon.

Quom. You're exceeding welcome to Towne sir, your wor-ship must pardon me, tis alwaies mistie weather in our shop heere: we are a Nation the Sunne nere shines vpon, — *Come this*

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this Gentleman wish you?

Sherr: O salute him fairly, he's a kinde Gentleman, a verie inward of mine.

Quo: Then I crye you mercy sir, are especially welcome.

Eas: I returne you thanks sir.

Quo: But how shall I doe for you now Master Blastfield?

Sherr: Why whats the matter?

Quo: It is my greatest affliction at this instant, I am not able to furnish you.

Sherr: How master *Quomodo*, pray say not so, I'ud you vndoe me then.

Quo: Vpon my Religion Master Blastfield, bonds I've forfeite in my hands, I expect the receite of a thousand every houre, and cannot yet see eye of a penny.

Sherr: Thats strange me thinkes.

Quo: Tis mine owne pittie that plots against mee Master Blastfield, they know I haue no conscience to take forfeiture, and that makes e'm so bould with my mercie.

Eas: I am sorry for this.

Quo: Neuerthelesse, if I might intreate your delay but the age of three daies to expresse my sorrow now, I would double the summe, and supply you with foure or five hundred.

Sherr: Let me see ——— three daies.

Quo: I good sir, and it may be possible.

Eas: Doe you heare Master Blastfield,

Sherr: Ha?

Eas: You know I've already entred all the Gallants to sup with me to night.

Sherr: That's true yfaith.

Eas: T will be my cuerlasting shame, if I haue no mony to maintaine my bountie.

Sherr: I nere thought vpon that ——— I look't still when that should come from him, wee haue stricktly examined our expences, it must not be three daies Master *Quomodo*.

Quo: No, then I'me afraid I will be my griefe sir.

Eas: Master Blastfield, ile tell you what you may doe now.

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Sho. What good sweete bedfellow,

Eas. Send to Master Goome, or Master Profit, the Mercer and Goldsmith.

Sho. Masse that was well remembred of thee—— I perceiue the Trout will bee a little troublesome ere hee bee caught,—— Boy. *Boy.* Here sir.

Sho. Runne to Master Goome, or Master Profit, and carrie my present occasion of money to em.

Boy. I runne sir.

Quo. Methinks Master Blastfield, you might easily attaine to the satisfaction of 3. daies, heer's a Gentleman your friend I dare say will see you sufficiently possesse till then.

Eas. Not I sir, by no meanes: master Blastfield knowes I'me further in want then himselfe, my hope rests all vpon him, it stands vpon the losse of my credit to Night, if I walke without money.

Sho. Why master Quomodo, what a fruitlesse Motion haue you put forth, you might well assure your selfe this gentleman had it not if I wanted it: why our purses are brothers we desire but equall fortunes: in a word, w are man and wife, they can but lie together, and so doe we.

Eas. As nere as can be yfaith.

Sho. And to say truth, tis more for the continuing of this Gentlemans credit in Town, then any incitement from mine owne want only, that I couet to be so immediatly furnisht: you shall heare him confesse as much himselfe.

Eas. Tis most certaine master Quomodo.

Enter Boy.

Sho. Oh here comes the Boy now: How now Boy, what sayes master Goome, or master Profit?

Boy. Sir, thei'r both walkt forth this frostie morning to Brainford, to see a Nurse-child.

Sho. A Bastard be it, spite and shame:

Eas. Nay, neuer vex your selfe sweet master Blastfield.

Sho. Bewitcht I thinke:

Quo. Doe you heare sir? you can perswade with him,

Eas. A little sir.

Quo. Rather then he should be altogether destitute, or be too

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to much a vexation to himselfe; he shall take vp a commoditie of cloath of me, tell him.

Eas. Why la! by my troth 'twas kindly spoken.

Quo. Two hundred poundsworth, vpon my Religion, say?

Sho. So disastrously.

Eas. Nay, master Blastfield, you doe not heare what master Quomodo said since, like an honest true Citizen yfaith: rather then you should grow diseasde vpon't, you shall take vp a commoditie of two hundred pounds worth of cloath?

Sho. The mealie Moth consume it, would hee ha' me turne Pedler now? what should I doe with cloath?

Quo. Hee's a verie wilfull Gentleman at this Time yfaith: hee knowes as well what to doe with it, as I my selfe I wis: ther's no Merchant in Towne but will be greedy vpon't, and pay downe mony vpoth naile, the'l dispatch it ouer to Middle-borrow presently, and raise double commoditie by exchange, if not, you know tis Tearme-time, and Michaelmas Tearme too, the Drapers haruest, for footcloaths, riding sutes, walking suits, chamber gownes, and hall gownes.

Eas. Nay, lie say that, it comes in as fit a time as can be.

Quo. Nay take me with you agen ere you go sir, I offer him no trash tell him, but present mony, say, where I know some Gentlemen in towne ha beene glad, and are glad at this time, to take vp commodities in Hawks hoods, & browne paper.

Eas. Oh horrible, are there such fooles in towne?

Quo. I offer him no trash tell him, vpon my Religion you may say, — Now my sweet Shorpyard — now the hungry fish begins to nibble: one end of the worme is in his mouth yfaith.

Tomas in above.

Toma. Why stand I here (as late our gracelesse Dames That found no eyes) to see that Gentleman Aliue, in state and credit executed, Helpe to rip up himselfe, do's all he can, Why am I wise to him that is no man? I suffer in that Gentlemans confusion.

Eas. Nay be perswaded in that master Blastfield, tis readie money at the Marchants: beside, the Winter season, and all falls in as pat as can be to helpe it.

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Short. Well Master Easie, none but you could haue perswaded me to that, come, would you would dispatch then Master Quomodo, where's this cloath?

Quo. Full and whole within, all of this peece of my Religion Master Blaffield, feel't, nay feel't and spare not, Gentlemen! your fingers and your iudgement.

Short. Clothes good.

Easi. By my troth exceeding good cloath, a good wale t'as,

Quo. Fallicht.

Falst. I'm nere out 'athe shop sir.

Quo. Go, call in a Porter presently to carry away the cloath with the Starre marke, whither will you please to haue it carryed Master Blaffield?

Short. Faith to Master Beggar-land, hee's the onely Marchant now: or his Brother Maister Stilliard-downe, there's little difference.

Quo. Youe hapned vpon the money men sir, they & some of their Brethren I can tell you, will not sticke to offer thirtie thousand pound to be curst still, great monyed mee their stockes lye in the Poores throates: but youle see mee sufficiently discharg'd Maister Blaffield ere you depart.

Short. You haue alwaies found me righteous in that.

Quo. Fallicht.

Falst. Sir.

Quo. You may bring a Scriuener along with you.

Falst. Ile remember that sir.

Quo. Haue you sent for a Citizen Master Blaffield.

Short. No faith not yet—— Boy!

Easi. What must you doe with a Citizen sir?

Short. A custome they're bound to a late by the default of euill debtors, no Cittizen must lend money without two bee bound in the bond, the second Man enters but for custome sake.

Easi. No, and must' hee needes be a Citizen?

Short. Byth masse say, ile learne that, Master Quomodo!

Quo. Sir.

Short. Must the second partie that enters into bond only for fashions sake needes be a Citizen? what say you to this Gentleman

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leman for one?

Quo. Alasse sir, you know hee's a meere stranger to me, I neither am sure of his going or abiding, he may Inne heere to Night, and ride away to morrow, (although I grant the chiefe burden lyes vpon you) yet wee are bound to make choice of those we know sir.

Short. Why hee's a Gentleman of a prettie liuing sir.

Quo. It may be so: yet vnder both your pardons I'de rather haue a Citizen.

Easie. I hope you wil not disparage me so? tis wel known I haue three hundred pound a yeare in Essex,

Short. Well said, to him thy selfe, take him vp roundly,

Easie. And how doubtfully so ere you account of me, I doe not thinke but I might make my bond passe for a hundred pound'ith Citie.

Quo. What alone sir?

Easie. Alone sir: who saies so? perhaps ide send downe for a Tenant or too.

Quo. I, that's another case sir.

Easie. Another case let it be then.

Quo. Nay, grow not into anger sir.

Easie. Not take me into a Bond, as good as you shall good man Goose cap.

Quo. Wel Master Blastfield, because I will not disgrace the Gentleman, i'me content for once, but wee must not make a practise on't.

Easie. No sir, now you would you shall not.

Quo. Cuds me, i'me vndone, hee's gone agen.

Short. The Netts broke.

Toma. Hold there deere Gentleman.

Easie. Deny me that small curtizie? s'foot a very few will not deny it me.

Short. Now must I catch him warily.

Easie. A iest indeed, not take me into a Bond quo they.

Short. Master Easie——Marke my words, if it shood not vpon the eternall losse of thy credit against Supper——

Easie. Masse that's true.

Short. The pawning of thy horse for his owne Vittails.

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Eas. Right yfaith.

Sbo. And thy vtter dissolution amongst Gentlemen for euer.

Eas. Pox on't.

Sbo. Quomodo shall hang, rot, stinke

Quo. Sweete boy yfaith.

Sbo. Drop Dam.

Quo. Excellent Shortyard.

Eas. I forgot all this: what means I to swagger before I had money in my purse? how do's maister Quomodo? is the Bond readie?

Quo. Oh sir.

Enter Dustbox the Scriuener.

Eas. Come we must be friends, heer's my hand.

Quo. Giue it the Scriuener: here he comes.

Dust. Good day Master Quomodo, good morrow Gentlemen.

Quo. We must require a little ayde from your pen, good master Dustbox.

Dust. What be the Gentlemens names that are bound sir?

Quo. Master Iohn Blastfield Esquire ith wilde of Kent, and what doe they call your bedfellowes name?

Sbo. Master Richard Easie: you may easily hit on't.

Quo. Master Richard Easie of Essex Geneleman, both bound to Ephesian Quomodo Citizen and Draper of London: the summe two hundred pound. What Time doe you take master Blastfield for the payment?

Sbo. I neuer passe my Month you know.

Quo. I know it sir.

October sixteenth to day, sixteenth of Nouember say:

Eas. Is it your custome to retarne so loone sir?

Sbo. I neuer misse you.

Enter Falstighs like a Porter, sweating.

Fals. I am come for the rest of the same price master Quo-

Quo. Star-marke, this is it, are all the rest gone?

Fals. Their all at Master Stilyard-downes by this time.

Eas. How

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Eas. How the poore raskall's all in a froth?

Sho. Push, their ordaind to sweat for Gentlemen,
Porters backes, and womens bellies beare vp the world.

Eas. Tis true yfaith, they beare men and money, and that's
the world.

Sho. Ye' aue found it sir.

Dust. I'me readie to your hands Gentlemen.

Sho. Come Master *Easie*.

Eas. I beseech you sir.

Sho. It shall be yours I say.

Eas. Nay pray master Blafffield.

Sho. I will not yfaith.

Eas. What doe you meane sir?

Sho. I should shew little bringing vp, to take the way of a
stranger.

Fals. By my troth you doe your selfe wrong tho master
Blafffield.

Sho. Let it be so I pray.

Eas. But to auoide strife, you shall haue your will of me for
once.

Sho. Let it be so I pray.

Qua. Now I begin to set one foote vpon the land, mee
thinkes I am selling of Trees already, wee shall haue some
Elsex Loggs yet to keepe Christmasse with, and that's a
comfort.

Toma. Now is he quartring out, the Executioner
Strides ouer him: with his owne blood he writes:
I am no Dame that can endure such sights.

Exit.

Sho. So his right wing is cut, will not flie farre
Past the two Citie hazards, Poultrie, and Woodstreete.

Eas. How like you my Roman hand yfaith?

Dust. Exceeding well sir, but that you rest too much vpon
your R. and make your ease too little.

Eas. He mend that presently.

Dust. Nay tis done now past mending: you both deliuer
this to maister Quomodo as your deede?

Sho. We doe sir.

Qua. I thank you Gentlemen,

Sho. Would

Michaelas Tearme.

Sbo. Would the Coyne would come away now? we haue defer'd for't

Enter Falstight with the cloath.

Falst. By your leaue a little Gentlemen.

Sbo. How now? what's the matter? speake?

Falst. As fast as I can sir—All the cloathes come back again.

Quo. How?

Sbo. What's the newes?

Falst. The passage to Middleborrow is stop't, and therefore neither Master Still yard-downe, nor Master Beggerland, nor any other Merchant will deliuer present mony vpon't.

Quo. Why what hard luck haue you Gentlemen?

Eas. Why Master Blastfield?

Sbo. Pish.

Eas. You'r so discontented too presently, a man cannot tell how to speake to you?

Sbo. Why what would you say?

Eas. Wee must make some what on't now sir.

Sbo. I where? how? the best is it lyes all vpon my necke, Master *Quimodo*, can you help me to any money forth speak.

Quo. Troth Master Blastfield, since my selfe is so vniu'nisht, I know not the meanes how, there's one 'ith streete a new setter vp, if any lay out money vppon't will be he.

Sbo. His name?

Quo. Master Idem—but you know we cannot giue but greatly to your losse, because we gaine and liue by't.

Sbo. Shoo't will he giue any thing.

Eas. I, stand vpon that.

Sbo. Will he giue any thing?—the Brokers will giue nothing? to no purpose.

Quo. Falstight,

Falst. Ouer your head sir.

Quo. Desire Master Idem to come presently and looke vppon't cloath.

Falst. I will sir.

Sbo. What if hee should offer but a hundred pound?

Eas. If

Michaelmas Tearme.

Eas. If he want twentie on't lets take it.

Sho. Say you so?

Eas. Master Quomodo, he will haue foure or five hundred pound for you of his owne within three or foure daies.

Sho. Tis true, he said so indeede.

Eas. Is that your wife master Quomodo?

Quo. That's thee, little Tomazin?

Eas. Vnder your leaue sir, ile show my selfe a Gentleman.

Quo. Doe, and welcome Master Easie.

Eas. I haue commission for what I doe Lady from your Husband.

Toma. You may haue a stronger commission for the next, an't please you, that's from my selfe.

Enter Sim.

Eas. You teach me the best law Lady.

Toma. But stew my blood, a proper, springfull, and a sweet Gentleman.

Quo. My Sonne: Sim Quomodo? heere's more worke for you Master Easie, you must salute him too, for hee's like to be heire of thy land I can tell thee.

Sim. *Vnam, vnam, spem, salutem.*

Quo. He shewes you there he was a Cambridge man, sir, now hee's a Templer, ha's he not good grace to make a Lawyer?

Eas. A very good grace to make a Lawyer.

Sho. For indeede he ha's no grace at all.

Quo. Some gaue me counsell to make him a Divine.

Eas. Fye, fie.

Quo. But some of our liuerie thinke it an vnfit thing, that our owne Sonnes should telvs of our vices: others, to make him a Physician, but then being my heyre, I'me afraide hee would make me away, now a Lawyer they all willing too, because tis good for our trade and encreaseth the number of Cloath-gownes, and indeede tis the fittest, for a Citizens Sonne, for our word is, what doe yee lacke, and their word is what doe you gaine.

Eas. Exceeding proper.

B

Enter

Michaelmas Terme.

Enter Falstight for Master Idem.

Quo. Master Idem welcome.

Falst. I haue seene the cloath first

Quo. Verie well.

Falst. I am but a yong setter vp, the vntermost I dare venture vpon't is three-score pound.

Sho. What?

Falst. If it be for me, so, I am for it: if not, you haue your cloath and I haue my money.

Eas. Nay, pray master Blastfield refuse not his kinde offer.

Sho. A bargaine then master Idem, clap hands—— hees finely cheated: come, let's all to the next Tauerne and see the money paide.

Eas. A match.

Qu. I follow you Gentlemen, take my Sonne along with you.

Exeunt.

Now to my keyes: i' me Master Idem, hee must fetch the money, first haue I caught him in a bond for two hundred pound, and my two hundred poundes worth a cloath agen for three-score pound: admire me all you students at Innes of couenage.

Exit.

Finis Actus secundus.

Incipit Actus Tertius.

Enter Lethes pander, Helgill, the Countrie wench comming in with a new fashion Gowne drest Gentlewoman like, she Taylor pointes it, and Mistris Comings a Tyrewoman busie about her head.

Helg. You talke of an alteration, heer's the thing, it selfe, what base birthe does not raiment make glorious? and what glorious birthes doe not ragges make infamous? why should not a woman confesse what she is now? since the finest are but deluding shadowes, begot betweene Tyrewomen and Taylors? for instance, beholde their Parents.

Com. Say what you wil, this wire becomes you best, how say you Taylor?

Tayl. I promise you tis a wire would draw mee from my worke seauen daies a weeke.

Curr. Why doe you worke a sundaies Taylor? (hidden

Taylor. Hardest of all a Sundaies, because we are most for

Curr. Troth

Michaelmas Terme.

Curt. Troth and so doe most of vs women, the better day the better deede we thinke.

Com. Excellēt exceeding yfaith, a narrow eard wyer sets out a cheeke so far and so full, and if you berulde by me, you shall weare your hayre still like a Mock-face behinde, tis such an Italian world, many men know not Before from Behinde.

Tayl. How like you the sitting of this gowne now Mistris Comings?

Com. It sits at mercuailous good Ease, and comely discretion.

Helg. Who would thinke now this fine Sophisticated squal came out of the Botome of a Barne; and the loynes of a Haytoller.

Curt. Out you sawcie pestiferous Pander, I scorne that yfaith.

Helg. Excellent, already the true phrase and stile of a strumpet, say a little more of the red, and then I take my leaue of your Cheeke for foure and twenty houres——Doe you not thinke it impossible that her owne Father should know her now, if he saw her?

Curt. Why I thinke no lesse, how can he know me, when I scarce know my selfe.

Helg. Tis right.

Curt. But so well you lay waite for a man for me.

Helg. I protest I haue bestowed much labour about it, and in fit Time, good newes I hope.

Enter one bringing in her Father in disguise to serve her.

1 I haue found one yet at last, in whose preferment I hope to reape credit.

Curt. Is that the fellow?

Lady. It is.

Curt. Art thou willing to serue me fellow?

Fath. I am willing, he that has not the heart to serue such a Mistris as your beautifull selfe, deserves to be honoured for a foole, or Knighted for a Coward.

Michaelmas Tearme.

Curtiz. There's too many of them alreadie.

Fath. Twere sinne then to raise the number.

Curt. Well, wee'll trie both our likings for a month, and then either proceede, or let fall the suite.

Fath. Be it as you haue spoke, but its my hope
A longer Tearme.

Curt. No truly, our Tearme endes once a month, wee should get more then the Lawyers, for they haue but foure Termes a yeare, and wee haue twelue, & that makes e'm run so fast to vs in the Vacation.

Fath. A mistris of a choice beautie, amongst such imperfect creatures I ha not seene a perfecter: I should haue reckoned the fortunes of my Daughter amongst the happiest, had she lighted into such a seruice, whereas now I rest doubtfull, whom or where she serues.

Curt. There's for your bodilly aduice Taylor, and theres for your head-counsell, and I discharge you both till to morrow morning agen.

Tay. At which time our neatest Attendance.

Com. I pray haue an especiall care howfoeuer you stand or lye, that nothing fall vpon your haire to batter your wire.

Exeunt.

Curt. I warrant you for that——which Gowne becomes me best now, the purple Sattin or this?

Helg. If my opinion might rule ouer you——

Enter Lethe with Rerage and Salewood.

Leth. Come gallants, the bring you to a Beauty shall strike your eyes into your hearts, what you see you shall desire, yet neuer eni y.

Rer. And that's a Villanous torment,

Sale. And is she but your vnder put Master Lethe?

Leth. No more of my credit, and a Gentlewoman of a great house, Noble parentage, vnmatchable Education, my plaine Pung, I may, grace her with the name of a Curtizan, a Backslider, a Prostitution, or such a Toy, but when all comesto all tis but a plaine Pung, looke you Gentlemen, that's she, behold her.

Curt. Oh my beloued strayer! I consume in thy absence.

Leth. La

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Leth. La you now——you shall not say ile be proud to you Gentlemen, I giue you leaue to salure her, I'me afraide of nothing now, but that sheele vtterlie disgrace e'm, turne taile to e'm, and placetheir kisses behinde her, no by my faith, she deceiues me, by my troth she's kist am both with her lips: I thanke you for that musick masters, sh'd they both court her at once, and see if she ha not the wit to stand still and let e'm: I thinke if two men were brewde into one, there is that woman would drink e'm vp both.

Rer. A Cockscombe, he a Courtier.

Curt. He saies he ha's a place there.

Sale. So ha's the Foole a better place then he, and can come where he dare not show his head.

Leth. Nay, heare you me Gentlemen.

Sale. I protest you were the last man we spoke on, we're a little busie yet, pray stay there a while, wee'll come to you presently.

Leth. This is good yfaith, indure this and be a flane for euer: since you neither sauour of good breeding nor bringing vp, ile slice your hamstrings but ile make you show manerly——pox on you, leaue courting. I ha not the heart to hurt an Englishman yfaith, or else——

Sale. What else?

Seth. Prethee lets be merrie, nothing else——heere, fetch some wine.

Curt. Let my Sernant goe for't.

Leth. Your's, which is he?

Sho. This sir, but I scarce like my Mistris now: the loynes can nere be safe where the Flyes be so busie—— Witte by experience bought foyles wit at Schoole: Who proues a deeper knaue then a Spent foole, I am gone for your worships wine sir.

Helg. Sir, you put vp too much indignitie, bring company to cut your ownethroat, the fire is not yet so hot, that you neede two Screenes before it, tis but new kindled yet, if twere risen to a flame, I could not blame you then to put others before you, but a lasse all the heate yet is comfortable, a cherisher, not a defacer.

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Leth: Prethe let e'm alone, theile bes asham'd ont anon I troe, if they haue any grace in'e'm.

Fielg. Ideaine haue him quarr'll, fight, and be assuredly kild, that I might beg his place: for there's nere a one voids yet.

Enter Shorryard with Easie.

Curt. Youle make him mad anon.

Sale. Tis to that end.

Sbo. Yet at last, Master Quomodo is as firme as his promise.

Eaf. Did I not tell you still he would.

Sbo. Let me see, I am seauen hundred pound in bond now to the Rascall.

Eaf. Nay y'are no lesse Master Blaffield, looke too't by my troth, I must needs confesse sir, you ha' beene vncommonly kind to me, since I ha' beene in Towne, but master Allup shall know on't.

Sbo. That's my Ambition sir.

Eaf. I beleech you sir.

Stay, this is Lethes haunt, see, we haue catcht him.

Leth. Master Blaffield and Master Easie, y'are kinde Gentlemen both.

Sbo. Is that the beauty you famde so?

Leth. The same.

Sbo. Who be those so industrious about her?

Leth. Rerage and Salewood: He tell you the vnmanlyest tricke of e'm, thareuer you heard in your life.

Sbo. Prethee whats that?

Leth. I enuited e'm hither to looke vpon her, brought em along with me, gaue e'm leaue to salute her in kindnes, what doe they but most sawcilie fall in loue with her, very impudently court her for themselves, and like two craftie Attorneys, finding a hole in my lease, goe about to defecate me of my right.

Sbo. Ha they so little conscience?

Leth. The most vnciuill part that you haue scene, I know theile be lorry for't when they haue done, for ther's no man but giues a sigh after his sinne of women, I know it by my selfe.

Sbo. You

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Sbs. You parcell of a rude, sawcie and vnmannery nation.

Leib. One good thing in him, heele tell e'm one roundly.

Sbs. Cannot a Gentleman purchase a little fire to thawe his appetite by but must you that haue beene daily sindg'd in the flame, be as greedy to beguile him on't how can it appeare in you but maliciously, and that you goe about to engrosse hell to your selues' heaven forbid, that you should not suffer a stranger to come in, the Deuill himselfe is not so vn-mannerly, I doe not thinke but some of them rather will be wise enough to beg Offices there before you, and keepe you out, marry all the spite will bee they cannot sell e'm a gen.

Eas. Come, are you not too blame——not to giue place?——
To vs I meane——

Leib. A worse and a worse disgrace.

Curt. Nay Gentlemen, you wrong vs both then, stand from me, I protest ile draw my siluer Bodkin vpon you.

Sbs. Clubs, clubs,——Gentlemen stand vpon your Guard.

Curt. A Gentlewoman must swagger a little now and then I perceiue, there would bee no ciuilitie in her Chamber else, though it be my hard fortune to haue my keeper there a coward, the thing that's kept is a Gentlewoman borne.

Sbs. And to conclude a Coward, infallible of your side, why doe you thinke yfaith I tooke you to be a Coward? do I thinke youle turne your backe to any man liuing? youle be whipt first.

Eas. And then indeede she turnes her backe to some man liuing.

Sbs. But that man showes himselfe a Knaue, for he dares not show his owne face when hee does it, for some of the common Councill in Henry the eight's dayes thought it modestie at that time, that one Vizzard should looke vpon another.

Eas. Twas honestly considered of e'm yfaith.

Enter Mather Grull.

Sbs. How now? what peece of stufte comes here?

Leib. Now

Michaelmas Tearme.

Leib : Now some good newes yet to recouer my Repute,
nd g race me in this company ; Gentlemen, are we friendes
among our selues ?

Sho. Vnited.

Leib. Then heere comes Renish to confirme our Amitie—
Wag-taile, salure them all they are friends.

Curr. Then sauing my quarrell to you all.

Sho. Toe's all.

Curr. Now beshrowe your hearts, and you doe not.

Sho. To sweete Master Lethe.

Leib. Let it flow this way deere Master Blastfield, Gentle-
men to you all.

Sho. This Renish wine is like the scowring-sticke to a
Gun, it makes the Barrell cleere : it ha's an excellent vertue, it
keepe's all the Sinckes in man and womans bodie sweete in
Iune and Iuly, and to say truth, if Ditches were not cast once
a yeare, and Drabs once a Month, there would be no abiding
i'th Citie.

Leib. Gentleman, ile make you priuie to a letter I sent.

Sho. A letter comes well after priuie, it makes amends.

Leib. There's one Quomodo, a Drapers daughter in town
whom for her happie portion I wealthily affect.

Rer. And not for loue ? this makes for me his Riual, beare
witness.

Leib. The Father does elect me for the man,
The Daughter sayes the same.

Sho. Are you not well ?

Leib. Yes all but for the mother, shee's my sicknesse.

Sho. Birlady and the Mother is a pestilent, wilfull, trouble-
some sicknesse I can tell you, if she light vpon you hand-
some.

Leib. I finde it so: she for a stranger pleades :
Whose name I ha not learn'd.

Rer. And enenow he cald me by it.

Leib. Now as my letter tolde her, since onely her consent
kepr aloofe of, what might I thinke on't, but that she meere-
ly doated vpon me her selfe.

Sho. Very assuredly.

Sale. This

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Sal. This makes still for you.

Sho. Did you let it goe so yfaith?

Leib. You may belecue it fir, now what sayes her answer?

Sho. I, her answer.

Grail. She saies you'r a base proud knaue, and like your worship.

Leib. How?

Sho. May, heare out hir answer, or there's no goodnesse in you.

Grail. You ha forgot she saies in what pickle your worship came vp, and brought two of your friends to giue their words for a sute of greens Kerlie.

Leib. Drudge, peace, or——

Sho. Show your selfe a Gentleman, she had the patience to reade your letter which was as bad as this can be, what will she thinke on't, not heare her answer & speake, good, his drudge.

Grail. And as for her Daughter, shee hopes sheele be rulde by her in time, and not be carryed away with a cast of Manchets, a bottle of Wine, and a Custard, which once made her Daughter sicke, because you came by it with a bad conscience.

Leib. Gentlemen, i'me all in a sweate.

Sho. That's verie wholsome for your body, nay you must keepe in your armes.

Grail. Then she demanded of me whether I was your worships Ant or not? *Leib.* Out, out, out, *Grail.* Alasse said I, I am a poore drudge of his.

Faith and thou wert his Mother (quoth she) heed make thee his Drudge I warrant him——

Marry out vpon him (quoth I) an't like your worship.

Leib. Horror, horror, i'me smother'd, let me goe, torment me not.

Exit,

Sho. And you loue me, lets follow him Gentlemen,

All. Agreed.

Exeunt.

Sho. I count a hundred pound well spent to pursue a good iest Master Easie.

Easi. By my troth I begin to beare that minde too.

F

Sho. Wel

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Sho. Well said yfaith, hang money, good lests are worth siluer at all times.

Eas. They'r worth golde Master Blastfield. *Exeunt.*

Curr. Doe you deceiue me so? are you toward marriage yfaith Master Lethes it shall go hard but ile forbid the Banes, ile send a messenger into your bones, another into your purle but ile doo't. *Exit.*

Fath. Thou faire and wicked Creature, sleept in Arte, Beautious and fresh, the soule the fowlest part.
A common Filth, is like a House posselt,
Where if not spoild, youle come out fraide at least,
This seruice likes not me, though I rest poore,
I hate the basest vse to screene a whore.
The humane stroke nere made him, he that can
Be Bawde to Woman, neuer leapt from man.
Some monster wunne his Mother,
I wisht my poore childe hether, doubled wrong,
A month and such a mistris were too long,
Yet heere a while in others liues ile see,
How former follyes, did appeare in me. *Exit*

Enter Easie with Shortyards Boy:

Eas. Boy:

Boy. A non sir.

(you?

Fals. Where lest you Master Blastfield your master, say

Boy. An houre since I leit him in Paules sir——but
youle not finde him the same man agen next time you meete him.

Easie. Me thinks I haue noe being without his companie tis so full of kindenes and delight, I holde him to be the onely Companion in ear'h.

Boy. I, as Companions goe now adaies that helpe to spend a mans money.

Eas. So full of nimble wit, various discourse, prægnaunt apprehension, and vncommon enterrainment, hee might keepe Company with any Lord for his grace.

Boy. I, with any Lord that were past it.

Eas. And such a good freehearted honest, affable kinde of
Gen.

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Gentleman: Come Boy a heauinesse will possesse me till I see him.

Exit.

Boy: But youle finde your selfe heauier then, by a seuen hundred pound weight, — Alas poore Birds that cannot keepe the sweete Countrie, where they fly at pleasure, but must needes come to London to haue their wings clipt, and are faine to goe hopping home agen:

Exit.

Enter Shortyard and Falflight like a Saricant and a Yeoman to arrest Easie.

Sho. So, No man is so impudent to deny that — Spirits can change their shapes, and soonest of all into Serjeants: because they are Coosen Germans to spirits, for there's but two kinde of arrests till Doomes-day, the Deuill for the soule, the Serjeant for the body, but afterward the deuill arrests body and soule Serjeant and all, if they be knaues still, and deserue it, now my yeoman Falflight.

Fals. I Attend you good Serjeant Shortyard.

Sho. No more maister Blastfield now — poore Easie hardly be set.

Fals. But how if he should goe to prison, weere in a madde state then, being not Serjeants.

Sho. Neuer let it come neere thy beleefe that heele take prison, or stand out in lawe, knowing the debt to be due, but still expect the presence of Master Blastfield, kinde Master Blastfield, worshipfull Master Blastfield — and as the last —

Boy. Master Shortyard, master Falflight.

Sho. The Boy: a warning-piece, — see where he comes.

Enter Easie with the Boy.

Easi. Is not in paules.

Boy. He is not farre off sure sir.

Easi. When was his houre sayst thou?

Boy. Two sir.

Easi. Why two ha's stricke.

Boy. No sir, they are now a striking.

Sho. Master Richard Easie of Essex we arrest you.

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Eaf: Ha?

Boy: Alas a Surgeon, hee's hurt ith shoulder.

Sho: Deliuier your weapons quietly sir.

Eaf: Why what's the matter?

Sho: Y^e are arrested at the suite of Master Quomodo:

Eaf: Master Quomodo?

Sho: How strange you make it, you'r a landed Gentleman
sir, I know tis but a trifle, a bond of seuen hundred pound,

Eaf: La, I know you had mistooke, you should arrest
One Master Blastfield, tis his bond, his debt.

Sho: Is not your name there?

Eaf: True, for fashions sake.

Sho: Why and tis for fashions sake that we arrest you.

Eaf: Nay, and it be no more, I yeelede to that: I know
Maister Blastfield will see me take no iniurie as long as i'm
in towne, for Master Alsups sake.

Sho: Whole that Sir?

Eaf: An honest Gentleman in Essex.

Sho: Oh, in Essex! I thought you had beene in London,
where now your busines lyes, honesty from Essex will be a
great while, a comming sir, you should looke out an honest
paire of Citizens.

Eaf: Alas sir, I know not where to finde e'm.

Sho: No, there's enow in Towne.

Eaf: I know not one by my troth, I am a meere stranger
for these partes, Master Quomodo is all, and the honestest
that I know.

Sho: To him then lets set forward:—Yeoman Spider:
man, cast an eye about for Master Blastfield.

Eaf: Boy——Alasse the poore boy was frightened away at
first.

Sho: Can you blame him sir——we that daily fray away
Knights, may fright away Boyes I hope. *Exeunt.*

Enter Quomodo with the Boy.

Quo: Ha? haue him sayst thou?

Boy: As sure as——

Quo: The

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Quo. The land's mine, that's sure enough boy.
Let me aduance thee knaue, and giue thee a kisse,
My plot's so firme I dare it now to misse.
Now shall I be diuulge a landed man,
Throughout the liuerie:—one points, another whispers,
A third frets inwardly: let him fret and hang,
Epecially his enuie I shall haue,
That would be faine, yet cannot be a knaue,
Like an olde leather girt in a furde Gowne,
Whose minde stands stiffe, but his performance downe:
Now come my golden dayes in: ———whither is the wor-
shipfull master Quomodo, and his faire Bedfellow rid forth,
To his land in Essex? whence comes those goodly loades of
Logs? from his land in Essex? where growes this pleasant
fruit, sayes one Citizens wife in the row; at Master Quo-
modo's Orchard in Essex; oh, oh, do's it so, I thanke you for
that good newes yfaith,

Boy. Here they come with him sir.

Quo. Grant me patience in my ioyes, that being so great
I run not mad with 'em.

Sho. Blesse master Quomodo.

Quo. How now Serjeants? who ha you brought me here;
master Easie? (stooke?

Easie. Why la you now Serjeants, did I not tell you you mi-

Quo. Did you not heare me say, I had rather had master
Blastfield, the more sufficient man a great deale?

Sho. Verie true sir, —but this Gentleman lighting into
our hands first ———

Quo. Why did you so sir?

Sho. Weethought good to make vse of that oportunitie,
and hold him fast.

Quo. You did well in that I must needs say, for your owne
securities, but twas not my minde master Easie to haue you
frist, you must needes thinke so.

Easie. I dare sweare that Master Quomodo.

Quo. But since you are come to me, I haue no reason to re-
fuse you, I should show little manners in that sir.

Easie. But I hope you spake not in that fence sir, to impose
the

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the bond vpon mee.

Quo: By my troth that's my meaning sir, you shall finde mee an honest men, you see I meane what I say, is not the day past the money vtendred, you'd ha me liue vprightly master Easie?

Eas: Why sir you know Master Blastfield is the man.

Quo: Why sir, I know master Blastfield is the man, but is he any more then one man? two enter into bond to mee, or I'me fowly coozn'd.

Eas: You know my entrance was but for fashion sake.

Quo: Why, ile agree to you, you'l grant tis the fashion likewise when the Bond's due to haue the money paid agen.

Sho: So we told him sir, and that it lay in your worships curtezie to arrest which you please.

Quo: Marie do's it sir, these fellowes know the law — beside, you offred your self into Bond to me you know, when I had no stomake to you, now beshrew your heart for your labour, I might ha had a good substantiall Citizen, that would ha paid the summe roundly, altho I thinke you sufficient enough for seuen hundred pound, beside the forfeiture, I would be loath to disgrace you so much before Serjeants.

Eas: If you would ha the pacience sir, I doe not think but master Blastfield is at Carriers to receiue the money.

Quo: He will proue the honest man then, & you the better discharged, I wonder he should breake with mee, 't was neuer his practise, you must not bee angry with mee now, tho you were somewhat hot when you entred into Bond, you may easily go in angerly, but you cannot come out so.

Eas: No, the Diuels in't for that.

Sho: Doe you heere sir, a my troth we pittie you, ha you any store of Crownes about you?

Eas: Faith a poore store, yet they shall be at their seruice that will striue to doe me good, — we were both drunke last night, and ne're thought vpon the bond.

Sho: I must tell you this, you haue fell into the hands of a most mercilesse deuourer, the verie gul at the citie, should you offer him mony, Goods or lands now, hee'd rather haue your bodie in prison, hee's a such a nature. *Eas:* Prison? w'are vpon then.

Sho: Hee's

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Sho: Hee's a such a nature, looke:—Let him owe any man a spite ! what's his course : hee will lend him money to day, a purpose to rest him to morrow.

Eas: Defend me ?

Sho. Has at least sixteene at this instant proceeded in both the Counters: some batchleers, some masters, some doctors of captivitie of 20. years standing, and he desires nothing more then imprisonment.

Eas: Would Master Blastfield would come away.

Sho. I, then things would not bee as they are——what will you say to vs if we procure you two substantiall subsidie Citizens to baile you spite on's heart, and set you at libertie to finde out master Blastfield:

Eas: Serjeant ! here, take all, ile be deare to you, doe but performe it.

Sho: Much:

Fals: Inough sweet Serjeant, I hope I vnderstand thee.

Sho: I loue to preuent the malice of such a rascall, perhaps you might finde master Blastfield to night.

Eas: Why, we lie together man, there's the iest on't.

Sho: Fie,—and youle seeke to secure your baile, because they will be two Citizens of good account, you must doe that for your credit sake.

Eas: Ile be bound to saue them harmelesse.

Sho. A pox on him, you cut his throte then——no words.

Eas: What's it you require me master Quomodo?

Quo: You know that before this time, I hope sir, present money, or present imprisonment.

Sho: I told you so.

Eas: We nere had money of you.

Quo: You had commoditie, an't please you

Eas: Wel, may I not craue so much liberty vpon my word to seeke out master Blastfield ?

Quo: Yes, and you would not laugh at me : wee are sometimes Gulls to Gentlemen, I thanke em, but Gentlemen are neuer Gulls to vs, I commend 'em:

Sho. Vnder your leave master Quomodo, the Gentleman craues the furtherance of an houre, and it sorts well with our occasion

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occasion at this time, hauing a little vrgent busines at Guild-hall, at which minute weele returne, and see what agreement is made.

Quo. Nay take him along with you Serjeant:

Eas. I'me vndone then,

Sbo. Hee's your prisoner; and being safe in your house at your owne disposing, you cannot denie him such a request; beside, he hath a little faith in Ma. Blaffields comming sir,

Quo. Let me not be too long delaid I charge you:

Eas. Not an houre yfaith sir.

Exeunt.

Quo. O master Easie, of all men liuing I neuer dream't you would ha done me this iniurie: make me wound my credit, faile in my commodities, bring my state into suspition: for the breaking of your day to me, has broken my day to others.

Eas. You tell me of that still, which is no fault of mine master Quomodo.

Quo. Oh whats a man but his honestie master Easie, and thats a fault amongst most of vs all, — Marke but this note, Ile giue you good counsell now, — as often as you giue your name to a bond, you must think you christen a child, & take the charge on't too: for as the one, the bigger it growes the more cost it requires: so the other the longer it lies the more charges it puts you too, onely heer's the difference, a childe must bee broke, and a bond must not, the more you breake children, the more you keep 'em vnder: but the more you breake bondes, the more they leape in your face, and therefore, to conclude, I would neuer vndertake to bee Gosip to that bond which I would not see well brought vp.

Eas. Say you so sir? — He thinkes vpon your counsaile hereafter for't.

Quo. Ah foole, thou shouldest neere ha tasted such witte but that I know tis too late.

Tom. The more I grieue.

Quo. To put all this into the compasse of a little hoop Ring Make this account, come better dayes or worse,
So many bonds abroad, so many boyes at nurse.

good medicine for a short memorie: — but since
you

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you haue entred so faire, whose children are desperate depts I pray.

Quo: Faith they are like the of-springs of stolne lust, put to the hospital, their fathers are not to be found, they are either too far abroad, or too close within, and thus for your memories sake.

*The desperate Debter hence deriues his name,
One that has neither money, land nor fame,
All that he makes, proue Bastards, and not Bonds,
But such as yours, at first are borne to lands.*

Eas: But all that I beget heereafter ile soone disinherite Master Quomodo.

Quo: In the meane time heer's a shrewd knaue will disinherite you.

Eas: Well, to put you out of all doubt Master Quomodo, ile not trust to your courtezic, I ha sent for bayle.

Quo: How? y'au'e coozened me there y'faith.

Eas: Since the worst comes to the worst, I haue those friends 'ith Citie, I hope that will not suffer me to lye for seuen hundred prund.

Quo: And you tolde me you had no friends heere at all, how should a man trust you now?

Eas: That was butto trie your Curtesie Master Quomodo?

Quo: How vnconscionably he gulls himself—they must be wealthy subsidie-men sir, at least forty pound 'ith Kings Bookes I can tell you, that doe such a feate for you.

Enter Shortyard and Falstaffe, like wealthy Citizens in Satin suites.

Eas: Heere they come, what so ere they are.

Quo: Berladie Aldermans Deputies, I am very sorry for you sir, I cannot refuse such men.

Sho: Are you the Gentleman in distresse?

Eas: None more then my selfe sir.

Quo: He speaks truer then he thinkes, for if he knew, The hearts that owe those faces—a darke shop's good for somewhat.

Eas: That was all sir.

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Sho: And that's enough, for by that meanes you haue made your selfe liable to the Bond, as well as that Base field.

Eas: Blastfield sir.

Sho: Oh crie you mercie, tis Blastfield indeed.

Eas: But vnder both your worships fauours I know where to finde him presently.

Sho: That's all your refuge.

Boy: Newes, good newes Master Easie.

Eas: What boy?

Boy: Master Blastfield, my master has receiued a thousand pound, and will beat his lodging at supper.

Easie. Happie newes, heare you that Master Quo. modo?

Quo: Tis enough for you to heare that, y'are the fortunate man sir.

Eas: Not now I beseech your good worships.

Sho: Gentleman, what's your other name?

Eas: Easie..

Sho: O Master Easie—I would we could rather pleasure you otherwise Master Easie, you should soone perceiue it, ile speake a proud word wee haue pittied more Gentlemen in distresse, then any two Cittizens within the freedome——but to be baile to seuen hundred pound action, is a matter of shroud weight,

Esi: Ile be bound to secure you.

Sho: Tut, what's your bond sir?

Eas: Body, goods, and lands, immediately before Master Quomodo.

Sho: Shall we venture once agen, that haue beene so often yndone by Gentlemen?

Fal: I haue no great stomacke to eate, it will appeare more pittie in vs then wisdom.

Eas: Why should you say so sir?

Sho: I like the Gentlemans face well, he doe's not looke as if he would deceiue vs.

Eas: O not I sir.

Sho: Come wee'll make a desperate voyage once agen.
Wee'll

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weele try his honestie, and take his single bond, of body
Goods and lands

Eas: I dearly thanke you sir.

Sho: Master Quomodo?

Quo: Your worships.

Shortyard: Wee haue tooke a Course to set your prisonce
free.

Quo: Your worships are good baile, you content me.

Sho: Come then, and be a witnesse to a Recullisance.

Quo: With all my heart sir.

Sho: Master Basie, you must haue an especiall care now to
find out that Blastfield.

Eas: I shall haue him at my lodging sir.

Sho: The suite will bee followed against you else, Master
Quomodo will come vpon vs, and forsake you.

Eas: I know that sir.

Sho: Well since I see you haue such a good minde to be honest
Ile leaue some greater affayres, and sweate with you to
finde him my selfe.

Eas: Heare then my miserie ends:

A strangers kindenesse oft exceeds a friends.

Exunt.

Toma: Thou art decei'd thy miserie but begins,

"To beguile goodnes, is the coare of sins.

My loue is such vnto thee, that I die

As often as thou drink'st vp iniurie,

Yet haue no meanes to warne thee from't, for be

"That sowes in Craft, doe's reape in tealosie.

Rerrage: Now the letters made vp and all, it wants but the
print of a seale, and away it goes to Master Quomodo: And
drew Lethe is well whipt in't, his name stands in a white
sheete heere, and does pennance for him.

Sal: You haue shame enough against him, if that be good.

Rer: First as a contempt of that reuerend Ceremony, hee
has in hand, to wit, marriage.

Sal: Why doe you say to wit marriage, when you know
theres none will marrie that's wife.

Rer: Had it not abrore neede then, to haue wit to put tooke if
it be growne to a Folly?

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Sale: Y'ae wan, he giue't you.

Rerage: Tis no thanks now, — but as I was saying: as a foule contempt to that sacred ceremony, hee most audaciously keepe a Drab in towne, and to be free from the interruption of blew Beadles, and other bawdy Officers, he most politickly lodges her in a Constables house.

Sale: That's a preetie point yfaith.

Rer: And so the watch that should fetch her out, are her chiefest guard to keepe her in.

Sale: It must needs be, for looke how the Constable playes his Conscience: the watch-men will follow the suite.

Rer: Why well then.

Enter Easie with Shortyard like a Citizen.

Eas: All night from me? hee's hurt, hee's made away.

Sbo: Where shall we seeke him now? you leade me sayre inunt's sir.

Eas: Pray keepe a little patience sir, I shall finde him at last you shall see.

Sbo: A Citizen of my case and substance to walke so long a foote.

Eas: You should ha had my horse but that hee ha's eaten out his head sir.

Sbo: How would you had me hold him by the tayle sir then.

Eas: Manners forbid, tis no part of my meaning sir, — oh heere's Master Rerage, and Master Salewood, now wee shall heare of him presently: — Gentlemen both.

Sale: Master Easie, how fare you sir?

Eas: Very well in health, did you see Master Blastfield this morning?

Sale: I was about to moue it to you.

Rer: We were all thre in a minde then?

Sale: I ha not set eye on him these two daies.

Rer: I wonder he keepe so long from vs yfaith.

Eas: I begin to be sicke.

Sale: Why, what's the matter?

Eas: Nothing in troth, but a great desire I had to haue seene him.

Rer:

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Rer: I wonder you shold misse on't lately, you's his bedfelow
Eas: I lay alone to night yfaith, — I doe not know how, O
here comes master Lethe, he can dispatch me: Master Lethe.
Letb: What's your name sir? — O cris you mercie master
Easie.

Eas: When parted you from master Blafifield sir?

Letb: Blafifield's an Assle. I haue sought him these two
dayes to beate him.

Eas: Your selfe all alone sir?

Letb: I, and three more. —

Exit.

Sbo: I am glad, I am where I am then, I perceiue twas time
of all hands.

Rer: Content yfaith, let's trace him. *Exeunt after Lethe.*

Sbo: What haue you found him yet? neither? what's to bee
done now? Ile ventur my bodie no further for any Gentle-
mans pleasure, I know not how soone I may be cald vpon
and now to ouer-heate my selfe —

Eas: Ime vndone.

Sbo: This is you that slept with him, you can make foolkes
of vs, but ile turne you ouer to Quomodo for't.

Eas: Good sir.

Sbo: Ile preuent mine owne danger.

Eas: I beseech you sir.

Sbo: Tho I loue Gentlemen well, I doe not meane to bee
vndone for'em.

Eas: Pray sir, let me request you sir, sweete sir, I beseech
you sir.

Exeunt.

Musicks.

Finitus Almus seruus.

Incipit quartus.

*Enter Quomodo, his disguised spirit, after whom Easie
followes hard.*

Sbo: Made foolkes of vs | not to be found!

Quo: What, what?

Eas: Doe not vndoe me quite the Master Quomodo.

Quo: Yare very welcome master Easie, I ha nothing to say
to you, ile not touch you, you may goe when you please, —
I haue good baile here I thanke their worships.

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Eas. What shall I say, or whom shall I beseech?

Sho. Gentlemen, Slid they were borne to vndo vs I think, but for my part, Ile make an oath before Master Quomodo here, nere to doe Gentlemen Good while I liue.

Falst. Ile not be long behind you.

Sho. A way, if you had any grace in you, you would bee ashamed to looke vs ith face y wis, I wonder what with browe you can come amongst vs, I should seeke my fortunes far enough if I were you, and neither returne to Eflex, to bee a shame to my predecessors, nor remaine about London, to be a mocke to my successors.

Quo. Subtle Shortyard!

Sho. Here are his lands forfeited to vs Maister Quomodo, and to auoyd the inconstionable trouble of law, all the assurance he made to vs, we willingly resigne to you.

Quo. What shall I doe with Rubbish, giue me money? Tis for your worship to haue land, that keepe great houses, I should be hoysted.

Sho. But Maister Quomodo, if you would but conceiue it aright, the land would fall fitter to you then to vs.

Eas. Curtzing about my land.

Sho. You haue a towardly sonne and heyre as we heare.

Quo. I must needs say, he is a Templer indeed.

Sho. We haue neither posteritie in Towne nor hope for any abroa; we haue wiues. but the markes haue beene out of their mouths these twentie yeares, and as it appeares, they did little good when they were in: wee could not stand about it sir, to get riches and children too, tis more then one man can doe. And I am of those Citizens mindes that say, let our wiues make shute for children and they will, they get none of vs; and I cannot thinke, but he that has both much wealth and many children, has had more. helpes comming in then himselfe.

Quo. I am not a Bowe wide of your minde sir,

And for the the thristie and couetous hopes I haue in my sonne and heyre Sim Quomodo, that he will neuer trost his land in Waxe & Parchment as many Gentlemen haue done before him.

Eas. A

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Eas: A by-blow for me.

Quo: I will honestly discharge you, and receiue it in due forme and order of law, to strengthen it for euer to my son and heyre, that he may vndoubtedly enter vpon't without the let or molestation of any man, at his or our pleasure whensoever.

Sho: Tis so assurde vnto you.

Quo: Why then master Easie y'are a freeman sir, you may deale in what you please, and go whether you will. Why Tomazin, master Easie is come from Essex, bid him welcome in a cup of small Beere.

Toma: Not onely vilde, but in it tyrannous.

Quo: If it please you sir, you know the house, you may visite vs often, and dine with vs once a quarter.

Eas: Confusion light on you, your wealth and heyre, Worme gnaw your conscience, as the moth your ware, I am not the first heyre that rob'd, or beg'd: *Exit.*

Quo: Excellent, excellent, sweet Spirits.

Sho: Landed Master Quomodo.

Quo: Delicate Shortyard, commodious Falshight,

Hug and away, shift, shift.

Tis slight, not strength that giues the greatest list.

Now my desires are full ——— for this time,

Men may haue Cormorant wishes, but alas

A little thing three hundred pound a yeare,

Suffices nature, keepes life and soule together,

Ile haue'em lopt immediately.

I long to warme my selfe by'th wood, ——— A fine iourney in the Whitun-holydayes yfaith, to ride downe with a number of Citizens, and their wiues, some vpon pillions, some vpon Side-saddles, I and little Tomazin ith middle, our son and heire Sim Quomodo in a peach colour Tassata lacket, some hors-length, or a long yard before vs, there will bee a fine shew on's I can tell you, where we Citizens will laugh, and lie downe, get all our wiues with child against a bank, and get vp againe, — stay, ha hast thou that wit yfaith, twill be admirable, to see how the very thought of green fieldes puts a man into sweete inuentions. I will presently possesse Sim

Quomodo.

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Quomodo of all the land, I haue a toy and ile doo't: and because I see before mine eyes that most of our heires proue notorious Rioters after our deaths, and that cousonage in the father wheeles about to folle in the sonne, our posteritie commonly foylde at the same weapon, at which we plaide rarely. And being the worlds beaten worde, what's got ouer the Diuels backe, (that's by knauerie) must be spent vnder his bellie, (that's by lechery) being awake in these knowings, why should not I oppose em now, and breake destinie of her custom, preventing that by pollicie, which without it must needs be Destinie: and I haue tooke the course, I will forthwith sicken, call for my keyes, make my Will, and dispose of all, giue my sonne this blessing, that hee trust no man, keepe his hand from a queane, and a Scriuener, liue in his fathers faith, and doe good to no bodie: then will I begin to raue like a fellow of a wide conscience, and for all the world counterfeit to the life, that which I know I shall doe when I die, take on for my golde, my landes, and my writings, grow worse and worse, call vpon the Diuell, and so make an ende. by this time I haue indented with a couple of searchers, who to vphold my deuce shall fray them out at the Chamber with report of sicknesse, and so la, I start vp, and recouer agen: for in this busineste I will trust, no not my spirits Falllight & shortyard, but in disguise note the condition of al, how pittiful my wife takes my deaeth, which wil appeare by Nouember in her eye, and the fall of the leafe in her body, but especially by the cost she bestows vpon my funeral, there shall I trie her loue and regard, my daughters marrying to my will and liking, and my sonnes affection after my disposing: for to conclude, I am as jealous of this land as of my wife, to know what would become of it after my decease. *Exit.*

Enter Curtezán with her disguised father.

Fath: Tho I be poore, as my glorie to liue honest,

Cur: I prethee doe not leaue me.

Fath: To be bawde.

Hell has not such an office,

I thought at first your minde had beene preserv'd,

In vertue and in modellie of bloud.

That

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that such a face had not beene made to please the vnsciled
A'petites of seuerall men,
Those eyes turn'd vp through prayer, not through lust,
But you are wicked, and my thoughts vniust.

Curt: Why thou art an vnreasonable fellow yfaith, doe
not al Trades liue by their ware, and yet cald honest Liuers?
doe they not thrue best, when they vtter most, and make it
away by the great? is not hole-sale the chiefeft marchandize?
doe you thinke some Merchants could keepe their wiuies so
braue but for their hole-sale? yourr fowly deceiu'd and you
thinke so.

Fath: You are so glewde to punishment and shame,
Your words ee'n deserue whipping ——— to beate the ha-
bit of a Gentlewoman, and be in minde so distant.

Curt: Why you foole you, are not Gentlewomen Sinners?
and there's no coragious Sinner amongst vs, but was a Gen-
tlewoman by the Mothers side I warrant you: besides, wee
are not alwaies bound to thinke those our fathers that marrie
our Mothers, but those that lye with our Mothers, and they
may be Gentlemen borne & born agen for ought we know,
you know.

Fath: True: corruption may well be Generations first,

"Wee're bad by nature, but by custome worst: *Exeunt.*

A Bell Tones, a Confused crye within.

Toma: Oh my Husband

Sim: My Father. O my Father.

Falst: My sweete Master, dead!

Enter Shortyard and the Boy.

Sho: Runne boy, bid'em ring out, hee's dead, hee's gone.

Boy: Then is as arrant a knaue gone, as ere was cal'd vpon!

Sho: The happiest good that euer Shortyard felt;

I want to be exprest, my mirth is such,

To bee struck now eene when his ioyes were hye,

Men onely kisse their knaues, and so dye,

Iu'e often markt it;

He was a famous Coozner while he liu'd,

And now his Sonne shall reape it, ile ha the lands,

Let him Study law after, tis no labour

H

To

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to vndoe him for euer: but for Easie,
Onely good confidence did make him foolish;
And not the lack of Sence, that was not it,
Tis worldly craft beates downe a Schollars wit;
For this our Sonne and heyre now, hee
From his conception was entayl'd an Asse,
And hee ha's kept it well, twentie fiue yeares now,
Then the sleightest art will doo't, the laudes lye faire,
"No Sinne to begger a deceiuers heyre. *Exit:*

*Enter Tomazsa with Winefride her maide
in haste.*

Toma: Heere Winefride, heere, heere, heere, I haue alwaies
found thee secret.

Win: You shall alwaies finde me so Mistris.

Toma: Take this letter and this Ring.

Win: Yes forsooth.

Toma: Oh how all the parts about me shake, — enquire
for one Master Easie at his olde lodging ith the Blackfry-
ers.

Win: I will indeed forsooth.

Toma: Tell him the partie that sent him a hundred pound
tother to day comfert his heart, ha's likewise sent him this
Letter and this Ring, which has that vertue to recover him
agen for euer say — name no body Winefride.

Win: Not so much as you forsooth.

Toma: Good Girl, thou shalt haue a mourning Gowne at
the buryall of mine honestie.

Win: And ile effect your will a my Fidelitie. *Exit:*

Toma: I doe account my selfe the happyest widdowe that
euer counterfeited weeping, in that I haue the leasure now
both to doe the Gentleman good, and doe my selfe a plea-
sure, but I must sceme like a hanging Moone a little waterish
a while.

Enter Rerrage, Curtizans Father following.

Re: I entertaine both thee and thy Deuice,
I will put e'm both to shame.

Fath: That is my hope sir,
Especially that strumpet.

Re: Saue

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Re: Saue you sweete widdowe,
I suffer for your heavinesse.

Toma. O Master Rerage, I have lost the dearest husband
that euer woman did inioy.

Re: You must haue patience yet.

Toma: Oh talke not to me of patience and you loue mee,
good Master Rerage.

Re: Yet if all tongues goe right, hee did not vse you so wel
as a man mought.

Toma. Nay, that's true indeed Master Rerage, he nere vs'd
me so well as a woman might haue beene vs'd, that's certain
in troth ta's beene our greatest falling out sir, and though it
be the part of a widdowe, to show her selfe a woman for her
Husbands death, yet when I remember all his vnkindnesse, I
cannot weepe a stroake ysaith Master Rerage, and therefore
wisely did a great widdow in this land, comfort vp ano-
ther, goe too Lady (quoth she) leaue blubbering, thou thin-
kest vpon thy husbands good parts when thou sheddest
teares, doe but remember how often he ha's laine from thee,
and how many naughtie slipperie turnes he has done thee, &
thou wilt nere weepe for him I warrant thee—you would
not thinke how that counsell ha's wrought with mee Master
Rerage, I could not dispend another teare now, and you
would giue me nere so much.

Re. Why I count you the wiser Widdowe, it shoves you
haue wisdom, when you can checke your passion for mine
owne part, I haue no sence to sorrow for his death, whose
lite was the onely Rub to my affection.

Toma. Troth and so it was to mine, bnt take courage now,
your'e a Landed Gentleman, and my Daughter is seuen hun-
dred pound strong to ioyne with you.

Re: But Lethes'th way.

Toma: Let him lye still,
You shall treate ore him or ile faile in will.

Re: Sweete widdowe.

Exeunt.

Enter Quomodo like a Beadles.

Quo. What a belou'd man did I liue? my Seruants gal their
fingers with ringing, my wiues cheeks smart with weeping,
teares stand

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stand in euerie corner, you my take water in my house—
but am not I a wife foole now? what if my wife should take
my death so to heart, that shee should sicken vpon't; nay
swone, nay dye? when did I heare of a woman doe so, let mee
see,—— Now I remember me, I thinke twas before my
Time; yes, I haue heard of those wiues that haue wept, and
sobd, and swound—marry I neuer heard but they recovered
agen, that's a cōfort la, that's a comfort & I hope so will mine
—— peace, tis nere vpon the time, I see, here comes the
worshipful liuerie, I haue the Hospital Boyes, I perceiue little
Tomazin will bestow cost of me,—— He listen to the com-
mon censure now, how the world tongues me when my care
lyes lowe.

Enter the Liueries

1. Line: Who Quomodo? meereley enricht by shifts,
And coufanages, beleue it.

Quo: I see the world is very loath to pra se me,
Tis Rawlye friends with me, I cannot blame it,
For what I haue done, has beene to vex and shame it,
Heere comes my Sonne, the hope, the landed heyre,
One whose rare thrift, will say mens tongues you lye,
He keepe by law what was got craftily.
Me thinkes I heare him say so:
He does salute the Liuerie with good grace,
And solemne Gellure——

Bead: oh my yong Worshipful M. you haue parted from
a deeré Father, a wife and prouident father.

Sim: Art thou growne an Ass now?

Bead: Such an honest Father——

Sim: Prethee Beadle leaue thy lying, I am scarce able to
endure thee ysaith, what honesty didst thou ere know by my
Father? speake, rule your tongue Beadle lest I make you
proue it, and then I know what will become of you, tis
the scuruyest thing i'th earth to belye the dead so, and hee's
a beastly Sonne and heyre that wil stand by, and heare his fa-
ther belyed to his face, hee will nere prosper I warrant him,
Troth if I be not asham'd to go to Church with him, I would
I might be hang'd, I heare such filthy Tales goe on him, oh
if

Michaelmas Terme.

if I had knowne hee had beene such a lewde fellow in his life
he should nere haue kept me company.

Quo: Oh——o——o

Sim: But I am glad hee's gone, tho' twere long, first Short-
yard and I will reuell it yfaith, I haue made him my Rentga-
therer alreadye.

Quo: Hee shall be speedily disinherited, hee gettes not a
foot, not the Crowne of a Mole-hill, ile sooner make a cour-
tyer my heyre, for teaching my wife trickes then thee, my
most neglectfull Sonne? Oh now the coarfe, I shall obserue
yet farder.

*A counterfet Coarfe brought in, Tomazin, and all the
mourners equally counterfet.*

Quo: O my most modest, vertuous and remembring wife,
she shall haue all when I dye, she shall haue all.

Enter Easie.

Tom: Master Easie? tis, oh what shift shall I make now?
oh——

Falls downe in a fayed swoond.

Quo: Sweete wife shee fownes, ile let her alone, ile haue no
mercy at this time, ile not see her, ile follow the coarfe. *Exit.*

Eas: The Deuill grinde thy Bones, thou cousning Ras-
call.

Moth: Giue her a little more ayre, tilt vp her head, comfort
thy selfe good widdowe, doe not fall like a Beast for a hus-
band, there's more then we can well tell where to put e'm,
good soule.

Toma: Oh, I shall be well anon.

Moth: Fye, you haue no patience yfaith, I haue buried foure
Husbands, and neuer offered e'm such abuse.

Toma: Couzen, how doe you?

Eas: Sorry to see you ill Couze.

Toma: The worst is past I hope. *Pointing after the Coffin.*

Eas: I hope so to.

Toma: Lend me your hand sweete Couze, I haue troubled

Moth: No trouble indeede fortooth——Good Couzen haue
a care of her, comfort her vp as much as you can and all little
ynough I warrant yee.

Exeunt.

Michaelmas Tearme.

Toma: My most sweete loue.

Eaf: My life is not so deere.

Toma: I haue alwaies pittied you.

Eaf: Y'auc showne it heere.
And giuen the desperate hope?

Toma: Delay not now, y'auc vnderstood my loue, I haue a
priest ready, this is the fittell season, no eye offends vs,
Let this kisse

Restore thee to more wealth, me to more blisse.

Eaf: The Angels haue prouided for me.

Finis Actus Quartus.

Incipit Quintus et Ultimus.

*Enter Shortyard with writings, hauing confused Sim
Quomodo.*

Sho. I haue not Scope ynough within my brest,
To keepe my ioyes containde: I'me Quomodoes
heire: the Lands assurances, and all are mine
(I haue tript his Sonnes heeles vp) about the ground,
His father left him: had I not encouragement?
Do not I know what proues the Fathers pray?
The Sonne nere lookes on't, but it melts away.
Doe not I know the wealth that's got by fraude?
Slaues share it like the riches of a Bawde.
Why tis a curse vnquenchable, nere cooles.
Knaues still commit their consciences to fooles:
And they betray who o'wde em, heeres all the bonds,
All Ealies writings, let me see:

Enter Quomodoes Wife married to Eafie.

Toma. Now my desires weare crownes.

Eafie. My ioyes excede,
Man is neere healthfull, till his follyes bleede.

Toma: Oh, behold the Villaine, who in all those shapes
Confounded your estate.

Eafie. That slaue, that villaine.

Sho. So many Acres of good meadowe

Eaf. Rascall. *Sho.* I heare you sir.

Eaf. Rogue, Shortyard, Blatfield, Serjeant, Deputy, counsellor

Sho: Hold,

Michaelmas Tearme.

Sho. Holde, holde.

Eaf. I thirst the execution of his cares.

Toma. Hate you that office,

Eaf. Ile strip him bare for punishment and shame.

Sho. Why doe but heare me sir, you will not thinke what I haue done for you.

Eaf. Giuen his Sonne my Lands:

Sho. Why looke you, tis not so, your not tolde true, I haue Coofned him agen meerely for you, Meerely for you sir, twas my meaning then That you should wed her, and haue all agen: A my tith 'tis true sir: looke you then heere sir, you shall not misse a litle scrowle sir, pray sir, let not the Cittle know me for a knaue, there be richer men would enuie my preferment if I should be knowne before e'm.

Eaf. Villaine, my hate to more reuenge is drawne, When slaues are found, tis their base Arte to fawne, Within there —

Sho. How now? fresh warders.

Eaf. This is the other, binde him fast, haue I found you Master Blastfield.

Sho. This is the fruite of Craft,
Like him that shootes vp hye, lookes for the shaft
And findes it in his fore head, so does hit
The Arrowe of our fate, wit destroyes wit:
The head the bodyes bane, and his owne beares,
You haue Corne enough, you neede not reape mine cares,
Sweete Master Blastfield.

Eaf. I loath his voice, away:

Exit.

(hate all)

Toma. What happy newe was heere, but are you sure you

Eaf. I hope so my sweete wife.

Toma. What difference there is in Husbands, not onely in one thing, but in all.

Eaf. Heeres good deedes and bad deedes, the writings that keepe my lands to me, and the bonds that gaue it away from me.

These my good deedes shall to more safetie turne,
And these my bad haue their defarts and burne.

Michaelmas Terme.

He see thee agen presently, reade there.

Toma: Did he want all, who would not loue his care?

Enter Quomodo.

Quo: What a wife hast thou Ephesian—Quomodo, so joining, so mindefull of her duty, not onely seene to weepe but knowne to swone, I knew a Widdow about Saint Antlings for forgetfull of hir first Husband, that she married agen within the twelue month, nay some berlady within the month: there were sights to be scene, had they my wiues true sorrows seuen nor seuen yeares would drawe e'm to the stake, I would most tradesmen had such a wife as I, they hope they haue, we must all hope the best: thus in her honour.

A modest wife is such a Jewell,

Euerie Gold-smith cannot shew it:

He that's honest, and not cruell,

Is the likeliest man to owe it.

And that's I, I made it by my selfe, and comming to her as a Beadle for my reward this morning, ile see how shee takes my death next her heart.

Toma: Now Beadle.

Quo: Blesse your mistris ships eyes from too many teares, Although you haue lost a wife and worshipfull Gentleman.

Toma: You come for your due Beadle, heere 'ith house.

Quo: Most certaine, the Hospitall money and mine owne poore forty pence.

Toma: I must craue a discharge from you Beadle.

Quo: Call your man, ile heartily set my hand to a Memorandum.

Toma: You deale the truelyer.

Quo: Good wench still.

Toma: George, heere is the Beadle come for his mony, draw a Memorandum that he has receined all his due he can claim heere ith house after this funeral.

Quo: What politick directions shee gives him, all to secure her selfe, tis time yfaith now to pittie her, ile discover my selfe to her ere I goe, but came it off with some lively iest now, that were admirable: I haue it? after the memorandum is writen and all, ile set my owne name too: Ephesian. Quomodo, the

Michaelmas Tearme.

heelee start: heelee wonder how Ephest. Quomodo came hither that was buried yesterday: y^e are beset little Quomodo.

Toma: Nintene, twentie five pound, 1, 2, 3, & 4. di

Quo: So, we shall haue good sport, when tis read:

Eas: How now Lady, paying away money so fast?

Toma: The Beadles due here fir

Quo: Who's? this Easie, what makes Easie in my house, He is not my wiues ouerseer I hope:

Eas: Whats here?

Quo: He makes me sweate.

Eas: Memorandum that I haue receiued of Richard Easie, all my due I can claime here ith house or any hereafter for me: In winesse whereof, I haue set to mine owne hand,

Ephestian Quomodo.

Quo: What haue I done? was I mad?

Eas: Ephestian Quomodo.

Quo: I, well, what then first get you out of my house, First you master Prodigall had land away.

Toma: What is the Beadle drunke or mad?

Where are my men to thrust him out a doores?

Quo: Not so good Tomaszin not so.

Toma: This fellow must be whipt.

Quo: Thanke you good wife.

Eas: I can no longer beare him.

Toma: Nay sweete husband,

Quo: Husband I'me vndone, beggard, couzened, confounded for euer: married already? will it please you know mee now mistris Harlot, and Master Horner, who am I now?

Toma: Oh, hee's as like my tother husband as can be.

Quo: Ile haue iudgement, ile bring you before a Iudge, you shall seele wife whether my flesh be dead or no, ile tickle you yfaith, yfaith.

Exit.

Toma: The Iudge that heele sollicite knowes me well,

Eas: Lets on then, and our grevances first tell.

Euening.

Enter Letbe with officers, taken with his Harlot.

Rev. Here they come.

Swf. O where.

Letb. Hart of shame, upoⁿ my wedding morning so disgrac'd!
I Have

Michaelmas Terme.

Have you so little conscience Officers,
You will not take a bribe.

Cur. Master Lethe we may lie together lawfully hereafter;
for we are coupled together before people ynow yfaith.

Rer: There goes the strumpet.

Suf. Pardon my wilfull blindnesse and enioy me:
For now the difference appears too plaine,
Betwixt a base slaue and a true Gentleman.

Rer: I doe embrace thee in the best of loue,
How soone affections faile, how soone they proues

Enter Iudge, Easie, and Tomazin in talke with him.

Ind. His counsages are odious, he the plaintife,
Not onely framde deceitfull in his life,
But so to mocke his funerall.

Eas: Most iust.

The Liuerie all assembled, mourning weedes,
Through out his house een downe to his last seruant
The Herauld richly hirde to lend him Armes,
Faind from his Auncestors, which I dare sweare knew no
other Armes but those they labour'd with,
All preparations furnisht, nothing wanted
Sauce that which was the cause of all, his death,
If he be liuing.

Iudg. I was an impious part.

Eas: We are not certaine yet it is himselfe,
But some false spirit that assumes his shape,
And seekes still to deceiue me.

Quo. Oh are you come? my Lord, they'r here, good morrow
Tomazin.

Iudg. Now what are you?

Quo: I am Quomodo, my Lord, and this my wife,
Those my two men, that are bound wrongfully;

Iudg. How are we sure y'are he?

Quo. Oh you cannot misse my Lord.

Iudg. He trieyou.

Are you the man that liu'd the famous counser?

Quo. O no my Lord.

Iudg. Did you deceiue this Gentleman of his right,

And

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And laid Nets ore his land?

Quo: Not I my Lord.

Indg. Then y^e ar not *Quomodo* but a counterfet,
Lay hands on him, and beare him to the whip.

Quo: Stay, stay a little pray, now I remember me my Lord
I coufined him indeed, tis wondrous true.

Indg. Then I dare sweare this is no counterfet,
Let all doubts cease, this man is *Quomodo*.

Quo: Why la you now, you would not belecue this, I am
found what I am.

Indg. But setting these thy odious shifts apart,
Why did that thought prophane enter thy brest,
To mocke the world with thy supposed death?

Quo: Conceiue you not that my Lord's a policy.

Indg. So.

Quo: For hauing gotten the lands, I thirsted still,
To know what fate would follow 'em?

Indg. Being ill got.

Quo: Your Lordship apprehends me?

Indg. I thinke I shall anone.

Quo: And thereupon,

I out of policie posselt my sonne;
Which since I haue found lewd, and now intend
To disinheris him for euer.

Not onely this was in my death set downe,
But thereby a firme triall of my wife,
Her constant sorrowes, her remembring vertues,
All which are Dewes, the shine of a next morning dries 'em)
vp all I see it.

Indg. Did you professe wife consenage, and would dare
To put a woman to her two dayes choice,
When oft a minute do's it?

Quo: Lesse, a moment,
The twinkling of an eye, a glimpse, scarce something doe it;
Your Lordship yet will graunt she is my wife.

Tome: O heauen!

Indg. After some penance, and the Duce of law
I must acknowledge that.

Michaelmas Tearme.

Quo. I scarce like
Those Dues of law.

Eaf. My Lord, altho the law too gently lot his wife,
The wealth he left behind he cannot chalenge.

Quo. How?

Eaf. Behold his hand against it.

Quo. He do's deuize all meanes to make mee mad, that I
may no more lie with my wife in perfect memorie, I know't
but yet the lands will maintaine me in my wits: the land will
dee so much for me.

Indg. In wimesse whereof I haue set to mine owne hand,
Epheſtian Quemodo.
Tis firme enough your owne fir:

Quo. A ieff my Lord, I did I know not what.

Ind. It ſhould ſeeme ſo, deceit is her owne foe
Craftily gets, and childiſhly lets goe,
But yet the lands are his.

Quo. I warrant yee.

Eaf. No my good Lord, the lands know the right heire,
I am their maſter once more.

Quo. Haue you the land?

Eaf. Yeſ truly I praiſe heauen.

Quo. Is this good dealing? are there ſuch conſciences ſo
broad, how? which way could he come by 'em?

Sho. My Lord ile quickly reſolue you, that it comes to me
This couſner whom too long I call'd my patrone,
To my thought dying, and the foolke his ſonne
Poſſeſſ of all, which my braine partly ſweat for,
I held it my beſt vertue, by a plot
To get from him what from him was ill got.

Quo. O beaſtly Shortyard!

Sho. When no ſooner mine,
But I was glad more quickly to reſigne.

Ind. Craft once diſcouer'd ſhewes her abieſt line.

Quo. He hits me euery where, for craft once knowne,
Do's teach foolkes wit, leaues the deceiuer none.
My decdes haue cleſt me, cleſt me.

Enter

Michaelmas Tearme.

Enter Officers with Lethe and the Harlot.

I. Off. Roome there.

Quo. A little yet to raise my spirit.

Here master Lethe comes to wed my Daughter.

That's all the ioy is left me : hat who's this?

Iudge. What crimes haue those brought foorth?

Gent. The shame of lust,

Most viciously on this his wedding morning,

This man was ceazde in shame with that bolde Strumpet.

Iudge. Why, tis she he meanes to marrye.

Letb. No in truth.

Iudge. In truth you doe.

Who for his wife his Harlot doth preferre,

Good reason tis, that he should marrie her.

Curt. I craue it on my knees, such was his vowe at first,

Faud. He say so too

And worke out mine owne safetie,

Such was his vowe at first, indeede my Lord,

How ere his moode has chang'd him?

Letb. O vilde slaue!

Curt. He sayes it true my Lord,

Iudge. Rest content,

He shall both marrie and taste punishment.

Letb. Oh intollerable!

I beseech your good Lordship if I must haue an outward punishment, let me not marrie an inward, whose lashes wil nere out, but grow worse and worse: I haue a wife slaies for me this morning with feuen hundred pound in her purse, let me be speedily whipt and be gone, I beseech your Lordship.

Gent. Hee speakes no truth my Lord, behold the Virgin Wife to a wel esteemed Gentleman,

Loathing the Sin he followes.

Letb. I was betrayed, yes faith.

Rer. His owne Mother my Lord,

Which he confest through ignorance, and disdain,

His name so chang'd to abuse the world and her.

Letb. Marry a Harlot, why not tis an honest mans fortune

I pray,

Michaelmas Terme.

I pray did not one of my Countriemen marry my Sister? why well then, if none should be marryed but those that are honest, where should a man seeke a wife after Christmas? I pittie that Gentleman, that has nine Daughters to bestowe, and seuen of e'm Seeded already, they will be good stuffe by that time, I doe beseech your Lordship to remoue the punishment, I am content to marrie her.

Judge. There's no remouing of your punishment.

Letb. O good my Lord.

Judge. Vnlesse one heere assembled, (don:
Whom you haue most vnnaturally abusde, beget your par-

Letb. Who should that be?

Or who would doote, that has beene so abusde?
A trouble some pennance —— sir.

Quo. Knaue in your face, leaue your mocking, Andrew,
marrie your Qeane and be quiet.

Letb. Master Easie.

Eas. I'me sorrie you take such a bad course sir.

Letb. Mistris Quomodo.

Toma. Enquire my right name agen next time, now goe
your waies like an Asse as you came.

Letb. Masse I forget my mother all this while,
He make her doo't at first, pray mother your blessing for
once.

Moth. Calst me Mother? out, I desie thee slaue.

Letb. Call me slaue as much as you will, but doe not shame
me now, let the world know you are my Mother.

Moth. Let me not haue this Villaine put vpon me I beseech
your Lordship.

Judge. Hee's iustly curst, she loathes to know him now,
Whom he before did as much loath to know,
Wilt thou beleecue me woman?

Moth. That's soone done:

Judge. Then know him for a Villaine, tis thy Sonne,

Moth. Art thou Andrew, my wicked Sonne Andrew?

Letb. You would not beleecue me Mother.

Moth. How art thou chang'd?
Is this suite fit for thee? a Tooth-drawers Sonne,

Michaelmas Terme.

this countrie has ee'ne spoild thee since thou camst hither;
thy manners better then thy cloathes, but now whole cloa-
thes. and ragged manners, it may well be said that truth goes
naked, for when thou hadst scarce a shirt thou hadst more
truth about thee.

Judg. Thou art thine owne affliction Quomodo:
Shortyard we banish, tis our pleasure.

Sbo. Hence forth no woman shall complaine for measure.

Judg. And that all Error from our workes may stand,
We bannish Falshight cuer more the land.

FINIS.
